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PARTISAN

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Torches
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Introduction by Dr. Clyde N. Wilson
University of South Carolina

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—Dr. Clyde N. Wilson,
University of South Carolina

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CONTENTS

Cover

- 20 **Atlanta Torches Tradition/The Politics of the Torch**
Collie Owens and Tom Landess report on a torching of Atlanta worse than the first.

Features

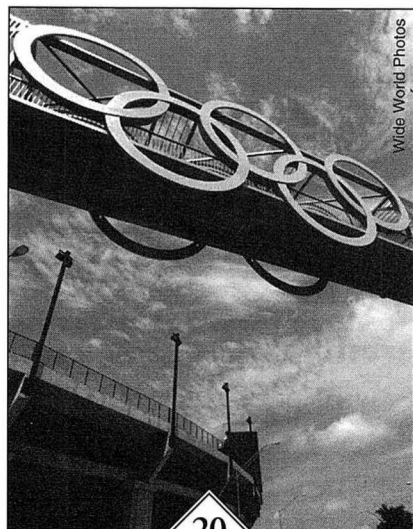
- 26 **Colonel James Barrow: The Honor of Georgia Rests With You**
Bryant Burroughs has found a hero from Georgia whose face we can only imagine—no photo exists of James Barrow, but his noble life lives on.
- 29 **Partisan Conversation: Christopher M. Sullivan**
The Southern Heritage Association is back and better than ever under an SCV leader with a bold agenda.

Criticus

- CRITICUS ESSAY**
- 33 **Taxing My Southern Accent**
Hillary Rodham is at it again. This time, Charles Jones tells us she's after your drawl!
- CRITICUS LIVING SOUTHERN**
- 37 **Squirrel Hunting: A Southern Purist Tradition**
Jim McCafferty tells us how real men hunt.
- CRITICUS ON TOUR**
- 44 **Britain Looks South**
Oran Smith went to England and Scotland but found the South... everywhere he turned.
- CRITICUS BOOKS**
- 40 **First in Our Hearts** Kevin Gutzman
Reviewed: Richard Brookhiser's Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington
- 46 **The Answers and the Question** William Watkins
Reviewed: Eugene Genovese's The Southern Front
- 48 **Before the Flood** Joseph Scotchie
Reviewed: Andrew Lytle's The Tennessee

Columns and Departments

- 2 **Partisan Letters**
- 6 **Partisan View** Richard Quinn
- 7 **Trivium** Tom Landess
- 9 **Obiter Dicta**
- 11 **Scalawag Award**
- 18 **Partisan 'Toons**
- 12 **From Behind Enemy Lines** Gordon Jackson
- 13 **CSA Today**
- 43 **War Between the States Trivia** Webb Garrison
- 43 **Southern Sampler** William Freehoff
- 50 **Booknotes**
- 55 **The Smoke Never Clears**
- 56 **The Last Word** Samuel Francis
- 57 **Classified**

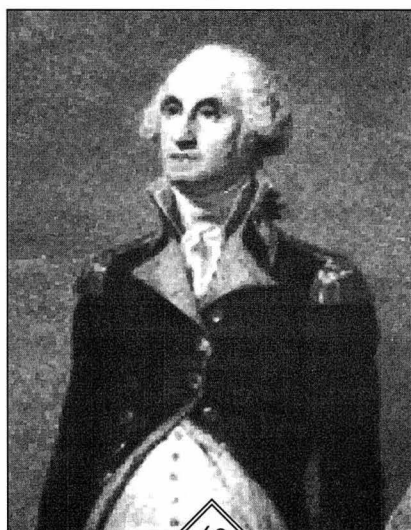


Wide World Photos

20



30



40

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"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May, 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the *political* constituent...The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics...The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms

Southern Quarterly Review, April, 1853

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PARTISAN letters

★ GOTTFRIED ON FRANCIS

Gentlemen:

Having read the interview with Sam Francis in your latest issue, I find there is one detail there that needs clarification. Dr. Francis is confronted with an apparent contradiction between his call in *Beautiful Losers* for an activist political Right and my admonitions about conservatives abandoning the academy. Francis graciously avoids attacking my alleged position by professing his deep respect for me. This respect is mutual and built on shared perceptions as well as longstanding friendship. But more relevant to the issue at hand is that there is no real disagreement between the view of the populist Right as the last source of opposition to the managerial state and my own comments about conservatives and higher education. The argument I presented at length in both editions of *The Conservative Movement* is that second-generation postwar conservatives underestimated the importance of culture as a precondition for political success. Contrary to the wise maxim of the Polish emigre Leopold Tyrmand, they failed to grasp that he who shapes the world of ideas and images can impose his political will. This is true even under the kind of therapeutic-managerial regime that has replaced the American republic.

There is a second point that needs to be mentioned in my comments about conservative activists and their flight from cultural and academic pursuits. Because many conservatives of the sixties and seventies preferred networking to being scholars and thinkers, they set about hiring those who could both articulate

and package "policies" for them. Those who came to perform this job were the moderate liberals having second thoughts about affirmative action and the Democratic Party's dedication to Israeli security. The neoconservatives were allowed to occupy the postwar Right in return for becoming its intellectual vanguard. Sam Francis and I warned against this tendency when it first became apparent; and the complaint raised in *The Conservative Movement* repeats this warning, about the fate of intellectually sluggish movement conservatives, in a different form.

Contrary to a comfortable fiction regnant in some circles, moreover, not all conservative educators who went into policy-thinks or public administration were driven out of the academy. Many left because they enjoy being in Washington and are socially indistinguishable from the "new class" they denounce. By now universities have gone by default to the lunatic Left, and those who still contest the *fait accompli* are second-thought liberals who, if given the chance, will join the *neo-connomenklatura* holding court in New York and Washington. Indeed there may no longer be a moral side which a principled conservative could support with an easy conscience in today's universities. But this was not the case thirty years ago, when most professors were politically similar to the present membership of the National Association of Scholars. Back then something could have been done to move American intellectual life to the Right, or away from insanity. Unfortunately, the conservative movement was not up to the task.

Paul Gottfried
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

★ PASSING TORCH

Gentlemen:

The media-fomented debate over the Georgia state flag got me thinking. Let's suppose eventually the will of the vast majority who favor the flag is disregarded, the Atlanta elites win out, and the Stars and Bars are removed. What "offensive symbol" will the liberals next decry? I'm afraid the American flag could be the next target.

Consider the parallels: slavery existed in the United States a lot longer than the short-lived Confederacy, the American flag flew over sometimes cruel treatment of Indians as the West was won, the American flag flew over internment camps for Japanese-Americans during WWII, and on and on. Never mind the rest of American history and heritage, the same argument made against the Georgia state flag—that it represents "racism" or a "racist past"—could be made against Old Glory in the future.

Indeed, we are already witnessing assaults on American history in our schools and universities. It is not difficult to imagine, ten years from now, a tide of editorials diverting to the "insensitivity" of displaying the American flag. After all, they will say, it offends minorities and immigrants, and undermines our loyalty to global unity. Why, only the United Nations flag should be flown along Peachtree Street! (along with the homosexual rainbow flag, of course).

We can only hope that the "political correctness" phenomenon has or will soon reach its apogee. Perhaps the passing of the Olympic games will mark the beginning of its decline. If not, God help us!

Rod Miller
Memphis, Tennessee

★ A DEAD HORSE

Gentlemen:

I am writing in response to Wayne C. Herring's comments to

Samuel Francis' letter regarding the issue of the Bible and Slavery (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter, 1995). Particularly his taking issue with the statement: "...and there is no indication that slavery is contrary to Christian ethics or that any serious theologian before modern times thought it was."

Mr. Herring then proceeds to quote from John Murry, a much respected, but by no means infallible, theologian of the Presbyterians. I have profited, as a Christian pastor among Baptists, from Murry's works which are in my personal library, but I have not made the fatal mistake of Mr. Herring. The fatal flaw of Murry has been copied by abolitionists for many years. That is, to depart from the Bible as the final authority and depend on the logic of men. The truth of the matter, still, is that the institution of slavery is nowhere in the Scriptures condemned. It is everywhere acknowledged. Furthermore slavery is not a black versus white issue. Too much harm has been done because this has been the mind-set of those who discuss the matter. This is true of many Southern Baptists who, like Murry, have departed from the authority of the Bible to depend upon the opinion of men. Let me also make clear that slavery comes in many forms. There is slavery beyond the "Southern" version, and it comes in all shades of color. Every civilization since the fall of man has been engaged in the practice of such.

That Southern Baptists have voted to "repent," of a matter in which not one of those who voted for such have ever engaged in or have been a party to it. The Southern Baptist Convention resolution, is the greatest public display of ignorance in many a year. Furthermore, there have been some most glaring displays in the past. What I find appalling is the move of the denomination away from the Bible to the opinions of sinful men.

I fully realize that Samuel Fran-

cis does not need my defense of his position. I just thought a little scotching would not be out of order.

Harold Wm. Taylor
Allegheny Baptist Church
Blacksburg, Virginia

Gentlemen:

I know who Rev. Wayne Herring is, and I know who Dr. Samuel Francis is, and I find it both astonishing and amusing that the layman is right while the clergyman errs.

Rev. Herring accused Dr. Francis and *Southern Partisan* of veiled racism because Dr. Francis dared point out that by their resolution last summer denouncing slavery as "evil," Southern Baptists abandoned their theological and epistemological moorings and launched themselves on the choppy sea of modernism.

Dr. Francis is entirely correct. To agree that slavery *per se* is evil, the Baptists must necessarily abandon their traditional theology, which finds the Scriptures as the source of all truth, because the Bible nowhere condemns slavery.

Rev. Herring exhibits some remarkable mental gymnastics, maintaining that slavery cannot be proven wrong "strictly exegetically" but can be proven wrong "from an ethical and theological point of view." What can this mean? Exegesis of a Biblical text is critical explanation or analysis, and Christian theology and ethics can only be derived from the Biblical text. "My Word is Truth," God asserts, passing over in momentous silence the opinions of men as a source of ethical and theological truth. If ethics and theology are not derived "exegetically," then truth is grounded outside the Scriptures. Following the Southern Baptists down the road to modernism, Mr. Herring, too, leaves the Scriptures behind as the source of all moral truth. I don't believe he intends to do this, but logically there's no

stopping it.

Rev. Herring asserts that Dr. Francis erred by maintaining no "serious theologian before modern times thought it was [contrary to Christian ethics]." Dr. Francis is, of course, right, if one includes the latter half of the 18th century in "modern times." I challenge Rev. Herring to present any pre-1750 Christian theologians, serious or frivolous, fat or thin, who maintained the Scriptures condemned slavery as a moral evil, either expressly or by implication. For two from modern times which say slavery is no sin, read the immortal Robert Lewis Dabney and James Henley Thornwell. Rev. Herring no doubt knows these two giants of 19th century Presbyterian theology. For Episcopalians, read Bishop John Henry Hopkins who wrote *A Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, & Historical View of Slavery From the Days of the Patriarch Abraham to the 19th Century*. When he wrote in 1863, the Anglo-Irishman Hopkins was Bishop of Vermont. None of these three justified slavery on the basis of race.

Logically, if slavery is an intrinsic evil, we Christians better pack away our Bibles and make peace with the politically correct gods of this world.

Franklin Sanders
Memphis, Tennessee

Gentlemen:

As an avid reader of and contributor to the *Southern Partisan*, I am bewildered and dismayed by the compulsion some readers and contributors feel to argue that the abominable institution of slavery was not unChristian.

I am not persuaded by the argument that the Hebrew Patriarchs owned slaves. The Hebrew Patriarchs did many deplorable things. Jacob connived to exact an undeserved blessing from his father and to steal his brother's birthright. Later, Jacob's own sons

conspired to sell their brother Joseph into slavery. Moses committed murder. The fact that the Patriarchs were God's men is no argument that their lives, in all particulars, should be imitated. Rather, they are proof that God can take ordinary, sinful humans and use them to His glorious purposes.

Neither are Moses' laws concerning the treatment of slaves proof that the institution of slavery was/is acceptable to God. Moses also set out procedures for divorce, which Christ himself said was done because of the hardness of the human heart, not because it was within God's perfect will (Mark 10:4-9).

Neither am I convinced by citations to Philemon. Indeed, I have heard the very same argument—that Saint Paul approved of slavery—used to argue against biblical authority. Sure, Paul sent Onesimus back to his master, but not because he approved the institution of chattel slavery. Rather, because Christians are to be joyful in all circumstances—even unjust circumstances—and so bear witness to the truth of Christ.

Jesus himself gave us a commandment that, if followed, could only have led to the abolition of slavery. "So whatever you wish that men do to you, do also to them; for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7:12) [RSV].

It does neither the cause of Christ nor the cause of the *Southern Partisan* any good to defend slavery. And, to ridicule the Southern Baptists for a sincere effort to atone for past racism, well, I can't see any legitimate reason for such attacks on the Southern Baptist Convention.

There is much to honor in our Southern Heritage. Let's honor the honorable and thank God that the dishonorable [I know racism and slavery were not peculiar to the South] institution of chattel slavery is on the ash heap of his-

tory.

Jim McCafferty
Jackson, Mississippi

★ SOUTHERN CHINA

Gentlemen:

I have just returned from a five month teaching stint in Shanghai. The highlight of the trip was a visit to a hole-in-the-wall Tex Mex restaurant, The Badlands, from the ceiling of which hung a Confederate battle flag. Its picture is one of my most cherished possessions. The proprietor, a Chinese man, told me he bought it in America... in Boston.

During my five months in China, I did not once meet an educated Chinese person who had not seen *Gone With the Wind*. Many had read the book also.

I also noticed something else. The traditional Chinese love of family, honor, respect for ancestors, formal courtesy, respect for platonic friendships between the sexes, reminded me an awful lot of another culture that I have come to love.

The South lives.

Dan Trotter
Coker College
Hartsville, South Carolina
via America Online

★ ANOTHER REVIEW

Gentlemen:

The TV movie "*Andersonville*," and the resulting publicity, brought to the fore an interesting discrepancy in the eternal debate over prisoners of war and their treatment.

When Yankee polemicists raise the issue, usually scandalizing it, and always to the South's detriment, they never fail to note that roughly 15% of Northern prisoners died while in Southern captivity. Yet they inevitably omit the corresponding figures of Southern prisoners who died in captivity up

North, roughly 12%, which are necessary to make a fair comparison.

When the figures are considered side-by-side, one is struck by the fact not that so many Yankee prisoners died under torrid conditions in the (Northern-induced), blockade-ravaged, starving South, but that the figures for Southern prisoners who died in captivity while in the materially-abundant, well-fed and prosperous North are just three percent lower. Yet inevitably, our friends in the major media only pontificate on the horrors of Andersonville. I doubt that Ted Turner and his like will ever portray the equally brutal suffering and deaths of the Reb prisoners at Point Lookout with such holier-than-thou, righteous indignation.

Christian M. DeJohn
Arlington, Virginia

★ BENJIE DEFENDED

Gentlemen:

In "Partisan Letters", *Southern Partisan*, volume XV, Fourth Quarter, Mr. Ernest H. Hume of Arkansas has sought to defame Judah P. Benjamin's character and to question Benjamin's contributions to, and even loyalty to, the War for Southern Independence.

I am somewhat astonished that *Southern Partisan* would find Mr. Hume's historical fantasies suitable for publication since his letter contains only one accurate statement, that the former President of the Confederate States was chained and imprisoned.

Mr. Hume's statement that "Jefferson Davis was not in favor of secession" does not require comment, since it is a *non sequitur*.

Jefferson Davis never challenged Judah P. Benjamin to a duel while they were both in the U.S. Senate. Benjamin challenged Davis. It was required by the times for a challenge to be issued. Benjamin later said, with humor,

that he knew the military-trained Davis would not accept a challenge from a pudgy civilian, which of course, he did not. Davis apologized, the challenge was withdrawn, and form had been addressed to.

The Yankees who "captured Judah P. Benjamin" on a vessel off the Florida coast as he was escaping to England, is another fantasy of Mr. Hume's. Benjamin, disguised as the ship's cook, was never recognized.

Benjamin arrived in England in the summer of 1865, and to become a barrister, of course, had to study British law. It was *seven* years, (1872) not in Mr. Hume's "only one short year, before he became a Queen's counsel."

While in England, Judah P. Benjamin became the source of financial aid to Mrs. Davis while the former President was, indeed, chained and imprisoned by his barbarian captors. He also aided, with finances, other former Confederates.

If, as Mr. Hume stated, Jefferson Davis despised Judah P. Benjamin, the fact that Davis invited Benjamin to join his cabinet as Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State would seem to belie that assumption.

I suggest that once Mr. Hume gets his facts straight he visit the great, Southern, Episcopalian, Judah P. Benjamin's grave in Paris and offer his atonement to "the Brains of the Confederacy."

Mark Weston
Jamaica, New York

★ LANDESS LAUDED

Gentlemen:

In the 4th Quarter 1995 *Southern Partisan*, writer Tom Landess, in his "Goodbye to Christmas", correctly describes the secularization of Christmas, a process that has been going on for some time. But he is inadvertently assisting that very process by referring to

"no banners with 'Peace On Earth; Good Will to Men.'"

In my Bible (Douay-I know, anathema to many of you), the actual quotation is "Peace On Earth To Men of Good Will." The former, found on practically every "religious" Christmas card, is essentially meaningless.

Bernard Mallon
Warwick, New York

Gentlemen:

Tom Landess' "Hurricane Pat" (*Southern Partisan*, Volume XVI, First Quarter, 1996) is an enlightening, well-researched piece of reportage. I had known some of the media bashing that attended Pat Buchanan's gallant run for the highest office in the land but was not aware of the concerted, vicious smear tactics every newsperson employed in the effort to defeat him. Mr. Landess gave the entire account of a very nasty story. And the story reads: America does not want a God-fearing man who stands tall in his fight for what is honest and true and lets the chips fall where they may. Pat's vision to rid the country of its self destructive unbiblical direction is the light in the dark we need. Men like Ralph Reed are traitors to the cause of Christ. I have been a happy reader of Mr. Landess for many years and never more pleased than now. It is a pleasure to see staunch men stand for the good things that go to make a country great. The media may have stifled the best chance we'll ever have for a better place to live and die when they persuaded the people to dump Pat. But Mr. Landess ended on a high note: Hurricane Pat could indeed strike again.

Loring Ellis
Hampton, South Carolina



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A Torch of a Different Color

Elsewhere in this issue, gentle reader, you will learn just how important political correctness is to the 1996 Olympic Committee. For example, Olympic officials have said that banners bearing the Confederate battle flag (which, by the way, includes the flag of Georgia, the host state for the 1996 Olympics) will not be displayed during the games.

And beyond the issue of flags and banners, the managers of the Olympics are also taking sides on political controversies. For example, the Greenville (South Carolina) County Council recently passed a resolution affirming that the homosexual lifestyle is inconsistent with local community standards. Self-righteously, the Olympic Torch Committee decided to punish the Council and announced that the path of the flaming torch would be re-routed so as to bypass Greenville County. As it turned out, the Torch Committee was absurdly unsuccessful in their effort to make a statement in defense of homosexuals.

The plan was to snub the County of Greenville, but they couldn't afford to snub the City of Greenville, where all the fat-cat corporate sponsors live who pay for the Olympic hoopla. To make this delicate distinction, the torch was driven by car across the county line and then whipped out by runners at the city limits. Apparently no one informed the Torch Committee that the city of Greenville is within the jurisdiction of the county; or, if they knew, they didn't care. Matters of fact are of little interest to those who carry high the banner of

political correctness.

However, another more serious matter of inconvenient fact has recently surfaced. A book soon to be published by Johns Hopkins University Press (*The Modern Olympics: A Struggle for Revival* by Donald Young, professor of Classics at the University of Florida) reveals a piece of history that Olympic boosters may find to be, well, significantly embarrassing: the Olympic logo of the five rings inscribed in stone at Delphi and the tradition of carrying the torch from Athens to light the flame at the host stadium does not, as it turns out, trace back to ancient Greece.

And where did these noble Olympic traditions begin? Fact is, the logo as it appears today and the tradition of carrying the torch began in 1936 at the games in Berlin, when Adolph Hitler was the host of the Olympics. Visually, all of this pomp and majesty was dreamed up by Hitler and Leni Riefenstahl, who directed the famous Nazi propaganda masterpiece movie *Olympia*. Indeed, the first Olympic torches were made by the Krupp Company, the same outfit that supplied Germany with weapons for two world wars.

According to Professor Young, the first lighting of the Olympic flame was staged at Berlin in 1936 to give the games "...an ancient aura." The Fuhrer really knew how to put on a show.

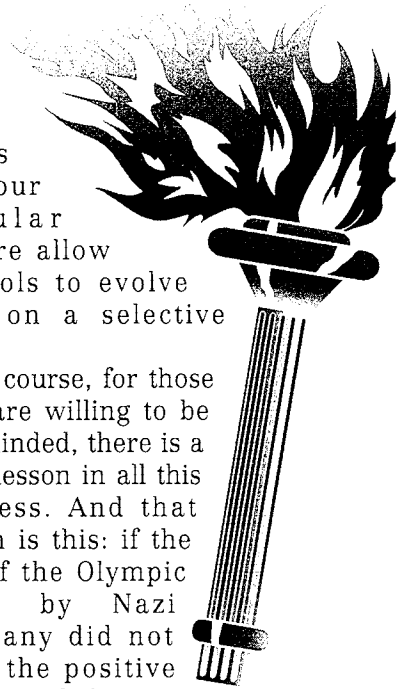
So there you have it. The Olympic boosters of today who are telling us we can't fly Confederate flags because of negative symbolism are themselves steeped in rituals and symbols dreamed up by the Nazis. Apparently our politi-

cians and our popular culture allow symbols to evolve only on a selective basis.

Of course, for those who are willing to be fair-minded, there is a good lesson in all this silliness. And that lesson is this: if the use of the Olympic torch by Nazi Germany did not spoil the positive meaning of Olympic symbols, then why should the South be required to abandon its noble battle flag because a few isolated kooks display it hatefully?

The battle flag is not, nor has it ever been, a symbol of slavery or racism. Historically it was the banner of soldiers who fought bravely to defend their land and their families against invading armies. And today, the overwhelming majority of Southerners have made it clear that the battle flag is displayed to honor the valor of those who died in battle and as a positive symbol of the independent heritage of the South. We have announced over and over again that it has nothing to do with race.

So let's make a deal with the politically correct columnists and editorial writers of America. When we fly our flag down South, don't call us racists unless you're prepared to call Bruce Jenner and Billy Payne Nazis. That sort of mutual respect and tolerance truly would reflect the Olympic spirit as it is defined in 1996. ☆



Time for the South to Turn and Fight Back

Editor's Note: Mr. Landess submitted this column unaware that we were featuring an interview elsewhere in this issue with Chris Sullivan, the new executive director of the Southern Heritage Association. Therefore, if you, gentle reader, are stirred to action by the call Tom Landess makes in this column for an aggressive new strategy in fighting yankee bigotry against the South, please turn to page 29 and read the interview with Mr. Sullivan, who is now working full-time to fight back.

I've said all this before. After making a speech in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania a few years ago, I flipped on the television to watch the evening news and saw flickering on the screen a gathering of the Ku Klux Klan. This event, complete with the burning of a cross as tall as the Washington Monument, took place in a nearby New Jersey town; and the crowd was so large and enthusiastic it looked like a pep rally for the Penn State football team. The reporter covering the scene also talked about a recent incident in which Klansmen attempted to break into a jail and seize a prisoner. Late the next afternoon I caught a plane back to South Carolina, where we were living at the time. As I entered the house, *CBS Evening News* was featuring a Klan rally, and I mentioned to my wife that I'd seen the local coverage of that event last night in my hotel.

"I didn't know you were in Alabama," she said suspiciously.

Sure enough, the rally that engaged CBS was a much smaller

gathering along some lonely road south of Birmingham. There were about twenty people there. The cross was barely eight feet tall, and the rhetoric wasn't nearly as fiery as the Northern dragons spouted. Nobody had attempted to batter down the walls of a county jail. All in all, it was a wet firecracker compared to the display of pyrotechnics they put on in the Cultural North the same night.

At the time I wondered why a tiny, unpretentious Klan rally in rural Alabama was more newsworthy than an extravaganza of unbridled bigotry in New Jersey. After all, everyone knows that New Jersey is more important than Alabama, if for no other reason than it's right next door to New York City.

On reflection, however, I realized that in a way a Southern Klan rally is indeed more newsworthy than a Northern Klan rally—that is, if you apply the "man bites dog" theory of reporting. As a matter of fact, many more Klan meetings take place in the North every year than in the South, because there are verifiably more Klan members up there. The Midwest has always been a hotbed of revived Klan activity even in the early part of the 20th century, and Indiana has perennially led the nation in membership, though in recent years California and Illinois have made a strong bid for preeminence.

Tawanda Shaw of the liberal *Klanwatch*, the organization in Birmingham that monitors Ku Klux activity told us that the South "doesn't even rank" on its list of Klan organizations and hate groups (see chart on page 8). So

perhaps the coverage of the Alabama Klan rally could be defended as an event extraordinary enough to warrant special attention.

But of course that isn't why the folks in Alabama received such careful coverage. The wizards at CBS probably don't know a great deal about the history of the Klan outside the South, nor are they interested in taking the time to learn. They filmed the rally in Alabama only to reinforce an old stereotype that they've found useful and comforting over the past half century—the view of the South as sole purveyor of racial hatred in an otherwise benevolent nation.

This stereotype is useful because it helps to discredit the South's political and social conservatism, which has proven a formidable stumbling block on the road to collectivization.

Thus when Republicans began to carry Southern states in national elections, the media could suggest that—whatever the stated issues—Nixon and Reagan had really appealed to Southern racism. They could make this charge stick because over the years they'd continued to cover Klan rallies and other racial indignities in Alabama and Mississippi—despite the fact that in the past 30 years race relations in the South have been more amicable and incident-free than in any other region.

In addition, the stereotype is comforting because it enables New Yorkers and those who live in other Northern states to avoid confronting their own deplorable racial history. As long as the South exists and can be pilloried on primetime news broadcasts, the New York City media elite will

never have to deal with their own racial problems, their own culpability.

For example, Morley Safer of *60 Minutes* is forever probing racial injustice in the South—and most of the cases are, to say the least, of minor importance. I particularly remember his investigation of a small black settlement in rural Mississippi, where he found roaches in a few rental houses and feces in the nearby water. The rental houses were of course owned by white landlords—hence the presence of a *60 Minutes* truck bigger than a Greyhound bus and a fully armed regiment of CBS technicians.

Can anybody doubt that the same New York camera crews could have tooled over to Harlem or the Bronx or Brooklyn and found more roaches and more feces than exist in the entire state of Mississippi? And in tenement houses owned by landlords as white-skinned and hard-hearted as any south of Philly?

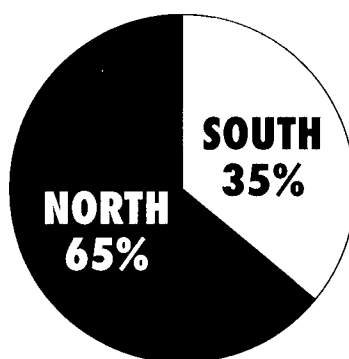
Have you ever seen a *60 Minutes* show on the mistreatment of blacks in New York City? Neither have I. And for three reasons: (1) Morley Safer admires the political correctness of New Yorkers, (2) he lives in the Big Apple and would therefore have to share a portion of the guilt for any injustice he uncovered, and (3) he's probably too scared to go to Harlem because the anger there is so intense that he might not come back to his plush office on the white side of town. Better to look Southward, where the politics are "reactionary," the problems remote, and the locals friendly.

While chosen representatives of blacks, women, and homosexuals are allowed to preview network shows dealing with their particular constituency (in order to avoid even inadvertent stereotyping), Southerners and Christian clergy continue to be routinely demonized in dramatic shows and sitcoms as well as on news broadcasts. This practice has increased as other mi-

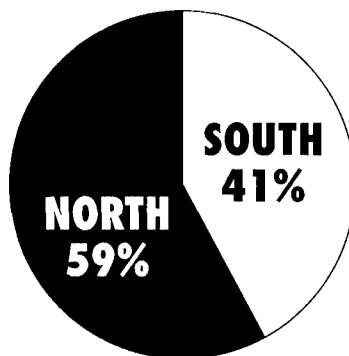
norities have received special protection. If you continue to cover Klan rallies in the South then the stereotypical Southerner seems credible, even realistic.

Southerners have always been docile about this kind of treatment. We haven't organized boycotts nor have we picketed TV stations and jostled news reporters. Perhaps it's because we've been taught manners or are too proud to be abrasive. Perhaps

LOCATION OF "HATE GROUPS"



STATES WITH ACTIVE KLAN ORGANIZATIONS



SOURCE: KLANWATCH

we don't really feel threatened by these attacks, despite the fact that such stereotypes have cost us dearly. And perhaps we don't feel the same common bond that other minorities have felt, don't identify with other Southerners. Whatever the reason, we've never mounted an organized counterattack against this kind of abusive slander—at least not since 1861.

But the time has arrived for a strong, slightly uncivilized resis-

tance to the slander of Hollywood, the networks, and wire services. There are at least two reasons why such a strategy is now imperative.

In the first place, the region is in danger of losing its identity, in part because of this relentless battering by the purveyors of popular culture. As soon as enough of us become ashamed of who we are, then we will no longer be anyone at all. Thus any admission that the Confederacy or its flag can legitimately be characterized as "racist" is a renunciation of history and a commitment to pragmatic falsehood as a means of explaining ourselves. Napoleon, a man of great talent and poor character, once wrote that "History is the agreed upon lie." We can't let that definition prevail in our time, not and survive as a people.

In the second place, the South currently stands as the last political stronghold of the Old Republic and the most formidable obstacle to social collapse. If our politics and social views don't prevail, then the entire nation will be run by the New York media and their political allies. If that happens, then America will be unrecognizable by the middle of the next century.

If we want to survive as Americans, as well as Southerners, we have to turn and fight, to challenge the news media any and every time they suggest that the Klan or racism or bigotry are somehow Southern in origin and regional in character. Let's make ourselves perfectly clear: Southerners as a whole have never been motivated by racial hatred; and even in our sorriest moments we have never treated black people as badly as have the folks in New York City. Nor have we supported the Klan to the degree that Midwesterners have. Let's tell CBS just that the next time they come to film an Alabama Klan rally. ☆

Tom Landess is Associate Editor of Southern Partisan.

Obiter dicta.

Disney's Southland

The Southern Baptists notwithstanding, now there is a new reason to boycott Disney. In addition to being pro-gay, the folks at Disney are also militantly anti-South. One of the creators of Disney's new movie *Hunchback of Notre Dame* said he received his inspiration for the evil character Judge Frollo from "the Confederate South or Nazi Germany. Take your pick."

When you wish upon a star, apparently it does make a difference who you are. If you are a traditional Southerner, Disney thinks you're evil. But if you are a practicing homosexual, they'll pick up the tab for your health care (see *CSA Today Louisiana*). The magic kingdom is indeed a strange place.

States' Riot

To see real racism, perhaps Disney should have watched the black vs. white Bowe-Golata boxing match last month. (No, not the one in the ring, the one in the crowd.)

After the fight was stopped and Mr. Bowe was declared the winner on technical grounds (Mr. Golata couldn't seem to quit hitting below the belt) a race riot erupted. Blacks and whites turned on each other by the thousands as Madison Square Garden security guards watched helplessly.

Commentary in *USA Today* and the national networks skipped the race angle completely, describing the melee as merely a case of opposing fans taking the fight too seriously. Right. It was just a coincidence that most black fists connected with white faces and vice versa.

We assume that was the angle Northern newspapers took in reporting the NYC race riots of 1862 that left hundreds of blacks hanging from light poles. In the minds of the media, then as now, the race factor is a Southern phe-

nomenon and racism a private, Southern sin. Those of us who have lived in both places know better. When will the Media see the light?

The Firestarters

In announcing his new federal program to crack down on racially motivated black church burnings in the South, President Clinton said the effort would "extinguish the fires of bigotry." What Mr. Clinton's program (along with the attendant media coverage) has extinguished is the light of reason.

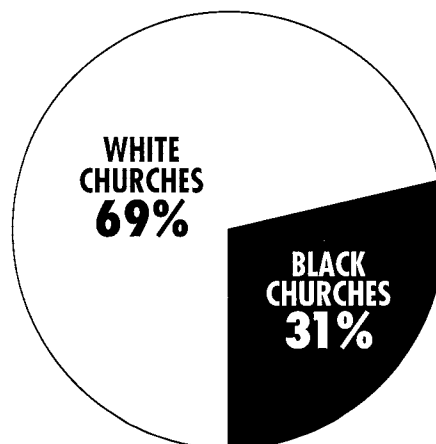
How can we say this clearly? It's a lie. There has not been an outbreak of black church arsons in the South or anywhere else. The whole story, which has greatly inflamed public passions, is a fabrication. And the most bizarre aspect of it all is this: the journalists who are covering the story know it's not true. But the mythical neo-Southern-racism angle is so appealing to them, in a Pavlovian way, that they continue to report lies and exaggerations as if they are facts. Taken from analytical articles recently published in the *Wall Street Journal* (by Michael Fumento) and the *Washington Post* (by James K. Glassman) here are the facts:

- Yes, arson is a major problem all across America. The National Fire Protection Association reports that 85,000 fires are set every year in America that are either deliberate or "suspicious" in nature. Of those 85,000 about 600 per year (in recent years) are possible church arsons.

- There have been far fewer church fires lately than in past years. In fact, church fires reported in 1994 were at the lowest level in over 15 years!

- Statistics show that arsons of black churches are less common than arsons of white churches, and very few church burnings have been linked to racial motives. The idea that there has been a recent rash of black churches burned by racists in the South (or anywhere else) is just

1991-1995 CHURCH FIRES



not true. The report that started all this phoney journalism was released by a group calling itself the Center for Democratic Renewal or the CDR (formerly known as the National Anti-Klan Network) an organization that thrives on the perpetuation of interracial discord.

In a March 1996 press conference, the CDR released a "study" advertising the existence of "a well-organized white-supremacist movement" engaged in "domestic terrorism" against black churches. Bill Clinton, Al Gore and all the other usual suspects quickly jumped up to express their outrage and to demand federal action. Soon a bipartisan cacophony could be heard across the land denouncing Southern racists who were systematically incinerating humble houses of worship in a new "epidemic of hatred."

Meanwhile, Michael Fumento (in the July 8, 1996 edition of the *Wall Street Journal*) demonstrated in a carefully researched article that the CDR report was chock full of errors, that they ignored fires set by blacks, that the intense media coverage may have actually "sparked" copy-cat fires and concluded that "there is no evidence of any increased church burnings." Period.

In the face of irrefutable documentation proving that the church-burning story is a hoax, the national media and cynical politicians continue to rage. If it is a crime to yell "Fire" in a crowded theater, what shall we make of those who cry "Fire" in a crowded country?

Millions of people are being led (falsely) to believe that they are victims, that there is a new epidemic of anti-black racism afoot in the land. False reports of hatred and violence can beget actual cases of hatred and violence. The ugly side of human nature can be ignited just as readily as old wooden buildings. Lying is bad enough. But these are dangerous lies. The time has come to extinguish the demagoguery.

Knight-Ridder's Klan Kick

The church-burning hoax (explored above) reveals a motley trend in modern journalism that seeks to feed on the issue of race. If one poor, harmless, unshaven, illiterate soul can be found who is willing to don a white cone as head gear and call himself a Klansman, there are newspapers and talk show hosts who are eager to offer this up breathlessly as a significant story. The Knight-Ridder newspaper chain is one of the nation's most visible practitioners of this form of bottom-feeding journalism.

A Knight-Ridder outlet in Columbia, South Carolina (*The State* newspaper) carried the trend to new depths in its July 10, 1996 edition, when it published a front page article reporting a major rally of the KKK in South Carolina. Large color photographs

were offered of a burning cross and a gaggle of onlookers dressed in white robes. Long and serious attention was given to the theological and political utterances of the speakers. From the scope of the coverage, one would think that Klanism was a mighty force in rural South Carolina. Only a careful reading of the story revealed that this massive Klan rally involved a total of 37 people (including speakers, members, wives and children).

Once upon a time, liberal intellectuals ridiculed Joe McCarthy for his conspiracy theories. How silly to worry about communists, they said. According to Knight-Ridder, what you will find behind every bush is not a communist but a wizard, especially in the South. So, how do we cope with this on-going media campaign to vilify the South with slanders and stereotypes? One thing is for sure: ignoring it isn't working.

A promising effort is now being launched to fight back systematically. It's called the Southern Heritage Association. For more details, see the "Partisan Conversation" in this issue, beginning on page 29.

Coins for the States

Since symbols sometimes reflect substance, one recent decision by the federal treasury is intriguing. For a brief period of time, George Washington's face will apparently be removed from the quarter and replaced with a different face for each state. Reportedly this is being done to thrill coin collectors, just for a few months. Then Washington's familiar image will return. While it may be no more than a coin collector's gimmick, the equivalent in currency of the postage stamps for Elvis and Marilyn, still we like the symbolism.

However, it hasn't been made clear yet who will select the person to be honored for each state. If you have a nominee, call or write your Congressman—several times. Otherwise you may be shocked by whom the feds select to represent the heritage of your state.

Hard Facts? Hardly...

A loyal reader in Hattiesburg, Mississippi sent us a copy of a column by a Gannett News Service writer named Tim Chavez. "Americans," the headline announced, "should challenge bad myths with hard facts."

Mr. Chavez lazily filled his space by denouncing Cincinnati Red's owner Marge Schott for having given faint praise to Adolph Hitler (whom she said did some good things at first but then he went too far). And he compared Schott's comments to remarks recently attributed to an Alabama State senator

(Charles Davidson) who apparently defended the Confederate battle flag and said that the Bible never condemned slavery. Both Schott's and Davidson's comments, Chavez said, were outrageous examples of dangerously bad history which all people of good intent should vigorously challenge.

Well, Marge is an easy target. But Davidson is clearly right. The Bible doesn't condemn slavery, which is not to say that slavery is A-Okay in 1996. The Bible was not—is not—a political document. The concern of the gospels is not with this life but the next. And it isn't very likely that Senator Davidson, a candidate for Congress, was advocating the reinstitution of slavery. He was merely seeking to defend, awkwardly perhaps, the moral rectitude of his ancestors whose institutions in currency two centuries ago cannot fairly be judged by the standards of our time.

In his rhetorical climax Chavez attacked Senator Davidson for defending the battle flag as a symbol of States' Rights. As his authority, Chavez cited the superficial PBS documentarian Ken Burns who said that the only right the Old South really cared about was the right to own slaves. That aggressively ignorant assertion was, to Mr. Chavez, a hard fact of history. Indeed.

Even Marge Schott is a better historian than

Burns and Chavez. At least Marge had the good grace to apologize when she said something so patently stupid.

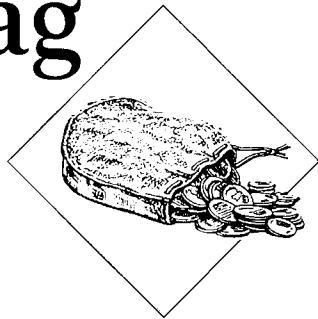
Ken Cribb Arrives

We are happy, as of this issue, to have T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr. join the masthead of *Southern Partisan*. Ken is president of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (ISI), a celebrated conservative think tank (one of the oldest and most influential in the country).

A native of Spartanburg, South Carolina, Ken was educated at Washington & Lee University and the University of Virginia. An attorney, Ken has held a number of distinguished and important positions in government over the past fifteen years. For example, he was Ronald Reagan's chief advisor on domestic affairs and later was appointed by President George Bush to the Fulbright Scholarship Board.

Ken Cribb is no stranger to the *Partisan*. Over the years, he given us help and wise counsel in many ways. With his extensive experience in both the private and public sectors, and by the sheer weight of his intellect, Ken will be a valuable asset as our newest Senior Advisor. We are honored that he has accepted this new assignment.

Scalawag Award



The Peach State Goes Bananas

Several observant readers have brought to our attention an irony now being served up to the residents of the State of Georgia. As corporations all over the South go bananas over the Olympics, the madness is especially severe in the Peach State.

Of all the Olympic hype and hysteria, the one example that seems to symbolize the cover theme

of this issue of *Southern Partisan* involves the Confederate monument known as Stone Mountain, which features the massive and majestic figures of President Davis, General Lee and General Jackson carved in rock.

As part of their Olympic promotion, a regional public utility company based in Atlanta has produced a television commercial featuring quick cuts of a series of Atlanta landmarks which originally included a shot of Stone Mountain. In the edited version that finally aired, we are told that the images of the Confederate leaders are wiped out by an electronically superimposed American flag.

The maddening irony is that the company responsible for this "hide-our-past-for-the-Olympics" wizardry is called The Southern Company. If indeed there are any Southerners at the Southern Company who made the decision to obscure Stone Mountain, we extend to them collectively our Scalawag Award for this issue along with a suggestion that they consider renaming their utility conglomerate The Generic Company so as not to offend any group by having any identity whatsoever.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

Gurugate and the Drawing of Enemy Lines

by Gordon Jackson

"It's a fearful thing to find oneself caught up in the clutches of the American media." Thus opined New Age savant Jean Houston, finding herself the object of intense media scrutiny following upon the revelation in Robert Woodward's new book, *The Choice*, that Ms. Houston had assisted Hillary Clinton in drawing upon the wisdom of Eleanor Roosevelt. The business of "Gurugate," for political Washington, and by the time this magazine has reached you the matter will no doubt have proved too intoxicating for the local pragmatists engaged soberly in the business of massaging poll numbers. It won't stay long on Washington's radar screen, but it should be ample grist for the mill of Southern conservatives, who presumably have not yet abandoned the business of thinking.

For, it gives rise to the question: Who, or what, after all, is the enemy, about which this column has sought to keep its readers apprised? Is it Jean Houston and her New Age compadres? Is it the Washington spin establishment, press and politicians both engaged in the business of distorting news for the purpose of pressing an agenda? Is it Eleanor Roosevelt and the liberal statist will to power? Is it Bob Dole, and the relentless effort of the ever-so-fragile political ego—given power before acquiring wisdom—to suppress any last trace of an idea in the public discourse?

First, let me attempt to exonerate Ms. Houston. The efforts to characterize her for the public's benefit by the Clintons and their enemies are

both substantially correct. Her academic bona fides are well in order; she is extraordinarily intelligent, articulate and stimulating; she is, indeed, a consultant to mainstream businesses. She is also truly "out there" in her thinking, by the lights of the two dominant strains of Western thought, secular materialism and Judeo-Christianity as it's traditionally understood. Like most New Age oracles, Ms. Houston is attempting to introduce Eastern mysticism into Western culture. These views have inescapable implications of pantheism and appear to be in tension with Judeo-Christian notions of God as a distinctly "other" presence. It is intellectually challenging stuff, the sort of "strong meat" that hearty Christian apologists of decades gone by, such as C.S. Lewis and G.K. Chesterton, would have enjoyed encountering, but probably a bit too much for the timid, mindless defenders of the faith currently holding forth.

New Age thought invites traditional religious viewpoints to expand themselves, and perhaps the invitation should be declined. But the thought is honest, and it is, like Southern conservatism with its roots in Christianity orthodoxy, an altogether spiritual understanding of the world. Like Southern conservatism, its opposite number is the will to the false power of the world, so extraordinarily tempting to those, like Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Clinton, who find themselves in possession of political leverage.

Indeed, New Age thought seems to render a largely libertarian political program much like that aspired to in the pages of this magazine. There is not space here to note the comparisons, but please check out the political prescriptions in the New Age classic,

The Aquarian Conspiracy. You will think you are reading *I'll Take My Stand*.

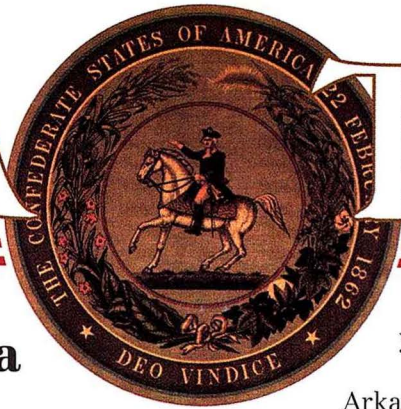
Now, most Southern conservatives will probably take issue with my acquittal of the New Age. Columnist Joe Sobran, I know, believes the main enemy to be the utopian strain of thought that issued forth from New England Unitarianism and the Emersonian Transcendentalism (very much a part of the New Age pedigree) that rare and exhilarating experience in this country that I will throw my lot in with the marketplace of ideas, disastrous though its fruits may have proven for much of this century (ideologies, partisans of the East would have it noted, are altogether a product of Western thought).

Having thus exonerated honest thinking, I must fall back on suspects two, three and four as the enemy. The will to worldly power to which the statist idea is put in service, the remorseless demolition of truth in pursuit of a personal agenda, the frantic protection of the fragile ego that cannot countenance honest thought, these are the bugbears I see in Washington. Another columnist might draw the enemy lines elsewhere.

You know, I suppose I could never vote for Bill Clinton. But if the last image that comes to mind as I enter the booth is of poor, confused, divided Hillary Clinton reaching out to Jean Houston for a little intellectual stimulation, juxtaposed against Bob Dole, His Snideness, trying to keep Pat Buchanan from putting his ideas on prominent display at the Republican convention, I might be given pause. I might, in the last analysis, have to cast a vote against the calcified Washington egotist.

The enemy, my good conservatives, can sometimes be us. ☆

CSA Today



Alabama

Gov. Fob James is beginning to look more and more like the Southern politicians of 50 years ago. For one thing, he actually believes in the Tenth Amendment. Take the case of the plaque hanging in Judge Roy Moore's Etowah County Courtroom.

On that plaque are written the Ten Commandments, which some politically incorrect people attribute to God. For that reason, a few years ago, a federal court ruled that the Ten Commandments could not be displayed in a school building, lest children be corrupted by the presence of the Almighty. The big question now: Will some jackass on the federal bench order Judge Moore to take his plaque down?

Commenting on that question, Gov. James has said that if the Feds make such a move, he'll send in the Alabama National Guard to defend the Tenth Amendment rights of Judge Moore. George Wallace *deja vu*? Not exactly. No hint of white supremacy here, and a vast majority of the American people are sympathetic to a religious presence in the public arena. If the ACLU wants trouble, they may just get it right there in Alabama.



Arkansas

Bill Clinton's selective memory has gotten him into real trouble with the home folks. In the wake of reports on the burning of black churches in the South, the President said in his Saturday radio address: "I have vivid and painful memories of black churches being burned in my own state when I was a child."

Arkansans reacted immediately and angrily. They said it never happened.

Retired Arkansas Supreme Court justice Jim Johnson said in a letter to the President: "Name one black church in the state of Arkansas or else apologize for the shame which you continue to bring to

your native state."

John Ferguson, director of the Arkansas History Commission, said, "I've never known of a black church being burned in Arkansas."

Former state senator Jerry Jewell, an active member and branch president of the NAACP from 1959 to 1973, said he couldn't recall any church burnings.

Curtis Sykes, chairman of the Arkansas Black History Advisory Committee (appointed by Gov. Bill Clinton), said he couldn't find any record of fires at black churches in Arkansas. He did remember a black man who was convicted of setting fire to some buildings in order to collect the insurance, but he didn't think any of the buildings were churches.

Dale Charles, president of the Arkansas state chapter of the NAACP, didn't recall any such burnings, nor did the Rev. O.C. Jones, former president of the Regular Arkansas Baptist Convention, which is composed of 530 black churches.

The President's "vivid and painful memories" of something that didn't happen in his home state are touching—a tribute to his politically correct sensibilities as a child. Unfortunately, as the special prosecutor for Whitewater has discovered, the older the President gets, the less he seems to remember.



Florida

Sometimes—not often, but once in a blue moon—a judge has better sense than a parent. Such was the case in Dade City when Judge Lynn Tepper refused Paula Sproul permission to take her 6-year-old son, Mikey, on *Geraldo*. Mikey's mother had already appeared on *The Maury Povich Show*, but without Mikey—and Mikey was the Sproul everyone really wanted to see.

After the Povich show, entitled "The Bad Seed," Mikey is now famous—and for the following reasons:

- At the age of three, he sneaked out of the house, got into the family Mercury, took it for a spin, and ran into four other cars. His comment: "I go zoom."
- The next month, he used a cigarette lighter to

burn down the house, seriously injuring his stepfather, who has since departed for reasons no one can possibly guess.

- In April of this year, Mikey lit a candle, dropped it, and again burned down the house.

Having bathed in the national spotlight on *The Maury Povich Show*, Ms. Sproul wanted to take Mikey with her to be interviewed by Geraldo. However, because Mikey has been supervised by the State of Florida ever since the first fire, she was forced to get the court's permission; and Judge Tepper said "no." As we said, once in a blue moon....



Georgia

In early June, the *Marietta Daily Journal* reported that Cheryl Coleman of Mableton answered an ad placed by a New York company offering state Olympic pins. The company said she could get pins for any state except Georgia and Mississippi. Why not these? She was told the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games (ACOG) had forbidden the pins of those two states because the design of their flags contains the Confederate battle flag.

In a related story, the Eighth Regiment Band of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans in Rome, Georgia has been banned from participating in hometown Olympics celebrations—on the assumption, we presume, that music played by SCV members is, by definition, subversive.

(We also hear that the SCV itself is preparing a great big floating surprise for ACOG when the Olympic games are in progress.) Meanwhile, blacks are complaining that they've been evicted and their houses bulldozed to make room for the Olympic complex. Maybe all this Dixie bashing is salve for the consciences of the greedy entrepreneurs who would drive poor, helpless people from their homes in order to set up this vulgar commercial extravaganza. (You notice they didn't locate the Olympic complex at Buckhead.)

We called ACOG to hear their side of the story, and were told to leave name, title of publication, and the subject we wanted to discuss. They promised to return our call. We expect to hear back from them just as the first notes of Gabriel's trumpet sound across the rooftops of the world.



Kentucky

J. Wesley Smith of Frankfort says his book on Kentucky folk hero Daniel Boone will rock the schol-

arly world.

"In the first place," he said, balancing a tea cup on his knee, "Boone never killed a bear. He was a strong environmentalist and didn't believe in killing animals. He lived entirely on fruits and vegetables. As a matter of fact, he waited for the fruit to drop off the trees."

Smith went on to say that though Boone married, he was probably gay.

"His marriage was very unhappy, and he was always moving westward. I think it must have been to get away from Mrs. Boone, though she always moved with him. I think she was one of those understanding women who is basically sympathetic with gayness."

By the way, if you picture Daniel Boone as a big strapping frontiersman, you may not like Wesley's book.

"No," he said, with a merry laugh. "He was a little bitty fellow. Just about my size."



Louisiana

Meeting in New Orleans, 19,000 delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention voted to boycott Walt Disney movies, theme parks, and products. Why? Because, as the resolution put it:

In recent years, the Disney Co. has given the appearance that the promotion of homosexuality is more important than its historic commitment to traditional family values.

Disney replied: "We find it curious that a group that claims to espouse family values would vote to boycott the world's largest producer of wholesome family entertainment."

As Huey Long once said, "If you have the reputation of an early riser, you can sleep till noon." Disney under Michael Eisner has used its Snow White image to ease into sleaze. Its theme parks are politically correct, and its pro-homosexuality has become more and more aggressive. (When a woman with children objected to the blatant pro-gay message at Disneyworld, a band of homosexuals chased her to her car, then followed her as she drove home. Plagued by a heart condition, she ended up in the hospital. Disney was singularly unsympathetic.)

Walt's old outfit even produced an AIDS education film whose message, according to psychologist Paul Cameron, was "have sex and use condoms." Like an old hooker on skid row, there's nothing Disney won't do for a buck.

Meanwhile Eisner has just been voted one of the ten most powerful people in America. Maybe 20 million Baptists can wipe that smirk off his face.



Maryland

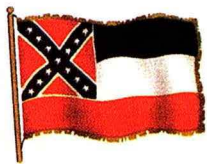
Justice Clarence Thomas—invited to speak to an eighth-grade awards ceremony at Thomas G. Pullen Creative and Performing Arts School in Landover—was disinvited because of school board member Kenneth E. Johnson's shrill objections, then reinvited by the County Board of Education by a vote of 6-4.

Johnson came out of the board meeting shouting angrily, "I intend to disrupt that ceremony...There will not be a way for him to get in that school....Folks, the bets are off. Be there and see the spectacle."

And when the time arrived for the ceremony, Johnson did indeed make a spectacle of himself outside the hall, screaming about affirmative action, rolling his eyes like Al Jolson.

Inside, however, Justice Thomas was giving a gracious congratulatory speech to a bunch of youngsters and their parents, telling them about the rewards of hard work and disciplined behavior. The children didn't want to hear a political speech, and the Justice didn't give them one. They wanted to be praised for their good work and inspired to do even better things.

Johnson's style and rhetoric seemed to speak for a divisive past it's time to bury. Thomas spoke with the quieter, more authoritative ring of the future. Or so we hope—because if the future belongs to Johnson, then we'll never bridge the racial divisions in this country.



Mississippi

After U.S. District Judge Neal Biggers ordered him to stop voluntary Bible classes and prayers on the public address system, Pontotoc County School Superintendent Jerry Horton said the district will probably appeal the hearing.

"I don't think our founding fathers intended for this type of hostility...against students who want to...voluntarily engage in religious expression."

He's right, of course. Thomas Jefferson specifically stated in his Second Inaugural Address that states had a right to prescribe religious exercise, making it clear that the First Amendment applied only to the federal government. But who is Thomas Jefferson compared to Neal Biggers?

Meanwhile, Lisa Herdahl, a carpetbagger who

initiated the suit against the school district, said she was worried about the reaction of the local folks.

"We're watching our backs," she said, "I still get dirty looks."

Just hang on, Ms. Herdahl. Pretty soon the federal courts are going to be issuing injunctions against dirty looks.



Missouri

The courts have become more and more perverse in their disposition of cases involving the children of homosexuals. For example, a judge in California awarded full custody of a boy to his father and his father's male lover because the mother was an evangelical Christian and took her son out of the state rather than have the child live part-time in a homosexual household.

Now comes the latest innovation in child custody. St. Louis Family Court Judge Thomas Frawley has awarded a mother legal custody of her son, but has ordered her to share all parental decisions with her former lesbian lover.

As Tiny Tim said, "God help us every one."



North Carolina

It's official. Jesse Helms will again face former Charlotte mayor Harvey Gantt in the general election. Last time, Helms beat him by the usual margin, and when Gantt was asked if he could win this time, he replied: "I'm six years older, I'm six years wiser, I'm six years grayer, and I'm also six years tougher."

A clever statement, but if age brings wisdom, as Gantt suggests, then why not vote for Jesse?



Oklahoma

According to pro-family activists in Washington, the real hero of the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA)—legislation to head-off legalized homosexual marriage—is Steve Largent, freshman from Oklahoma's 1st Congressional District. It was Largent who personally took the legislation to colleague after colleague and finally mustered enough support to force the leadership to put it on the fast track.

Largent, who held the NFL record for pass receptions until a few seasons ago, is clearly scheduled for

stardom. One conservative activist told us, "I wish he'd been ready this year. We would have run him against Dole. But he'll be on the ticket in the year 2000—and maybe he'll have the top spot."



South Carolina

Senator Strom Thurmond is again the Republican nominee for U.S. Senate and he has a US Air flight attendant to thank for it.

In April of this year, with his primary campaign in full swing but with questions about his vigor swirling, Thurmond shoved a cabin steward aside when the young man told the senator he was forbidden from using the first class coat rack. (Thurmond always flies coach.)

US Air apologized and state Republican Chairman Henry McMaster extolled the heritage Thurmond enjoyed: "Thurmond's a Southern man, and Southern men stand up for themselves."

Indeed. Especially Southern men who received votes from Confederate veterans.



Tennessee

Happy 200th birthday to the state of Tennessee, which entered the Union as the 16th state on June 1, 1796. Needless to say, the kickoff celebration was dominated by country music stars like Chet Atkins, Vince Gill, and Brenda Lee—and the party went on for weeks and weeks.

The state's politicians vied with one another to see who could make the best speech in praise of the Volunteer State's distinguished history, but none of them could match the eloquence of Governor Bob Taylor's orations at the 1896 centennial. Published in a little book called *Echoes*, these flowery eulogies were addressed to every group that attended the celebration, from the United Daughters of the Confederacy to traveling salesmen (called "drummers" in those days). If anyone has a copy of this little book, we'd like to borrow it so we can print a speech by Taylor and one by the current governor in our next issue.



Texas

Any suspicions that Texans have somehow soft-

ened in recent years and become like other mortals should be laid to rest by the following story.

In the middle of a drought, Valentine Grimaldo bent down to feel the ground for signs of moisture and was bitten on the hand by a coral snake. Most people would have checked their pockets for a pencil and paper in order to write a farewell note, but Grimaldo was made of sterner stuff.

Knowing he had to do something to stem the flow of the poison, his eyes fell on the snake. According to a spokeswoman at the hospital where he was taken, Grimaldo "grabbed the snake and bit the head off." Then he used the skin as a tourniquet. The folks at the hospital say this quick action saved his life.

If you don't believe us, call the *McAllen Monitor*, which carried the story.



Virginia

John Warner's victory in the Republican primary was a major setback for the Religious Right, not only in Virginia politics but nationally as well. Warner took 66 percent of the vote, leaving Jim Miller a two-time loser in his bid for the U.S. senate. (Miller lost to Oliver North in a convention fight two years ago.)

This looked like the year to beat Warner. He had publicly opposed his party's nominee in 1994, supporting instead "independent" Marshall Coleman, whose Little-Goody-Two-Shoes candidacy was designed to defeat North. Coleman won 11 percent of the vote. North lost by three percentage points.

Miller had statewide recognition and was a credible candidate. He was strong on the social issues and should have attracted a lot of conservative voters to his cause. He got good media, even in Northern Virginia, where the *Washington Post* gave him helpful coverage.

The big problem was money. Warner had it; Miller didn't. And toward the end of the campaign, you couldn't turn on the television set without seeing a Warner ad. Miller couldn't afford to compete.

In addition, Warner ran successfully under the conservative banner. He had only to brandish a recent Christian Coalition scorecard, on which he rated 100 percent, and an earlier Jim Miller speech praising Warner for his fiscal conservatism. Of course, Warner is a liberal Republican, but Miller and his religious supporters were unable to put that message across.

Now John Warner faces a multimillionaire novice named Mark Warner, who is the Democratic nominee. Warner should beat Warner handily. However, one question must still lurk in a dark corner of the Senator's consciousness: "Will Oliver North run as an independent and do to me what I did to him?"

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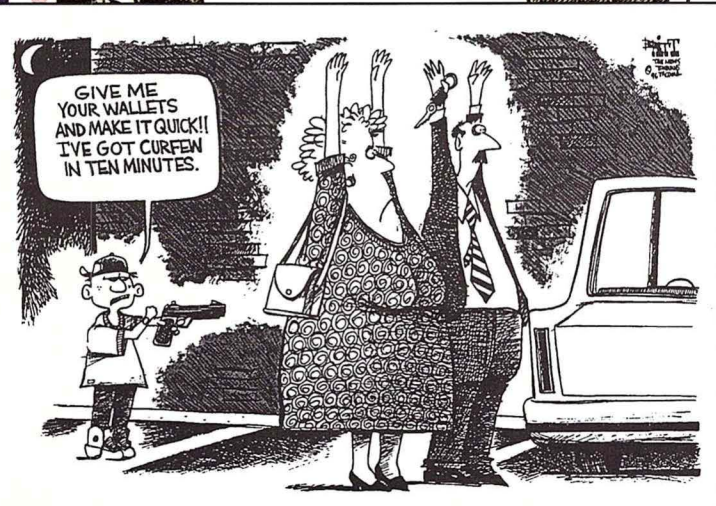
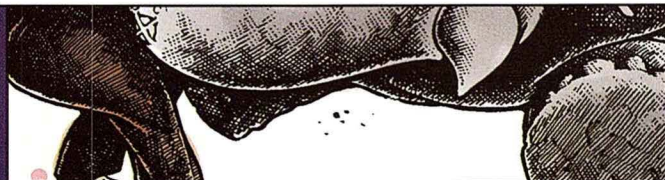
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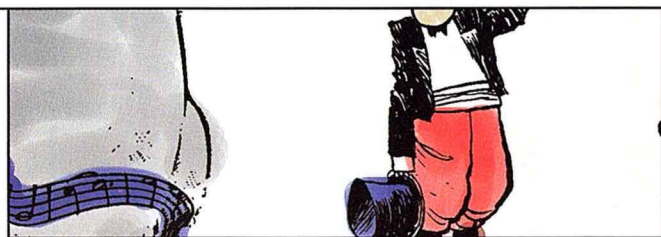
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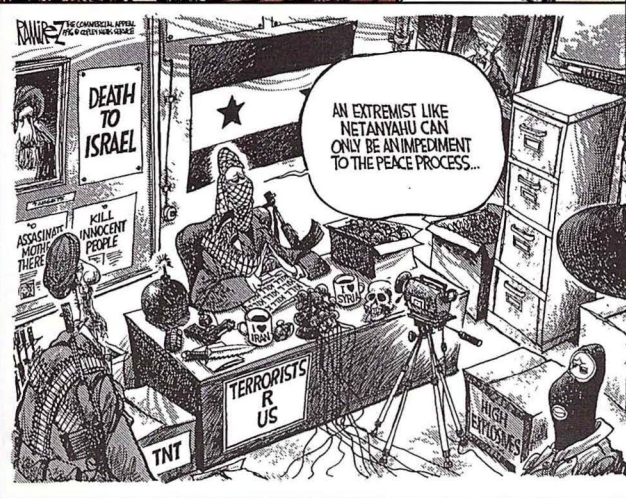
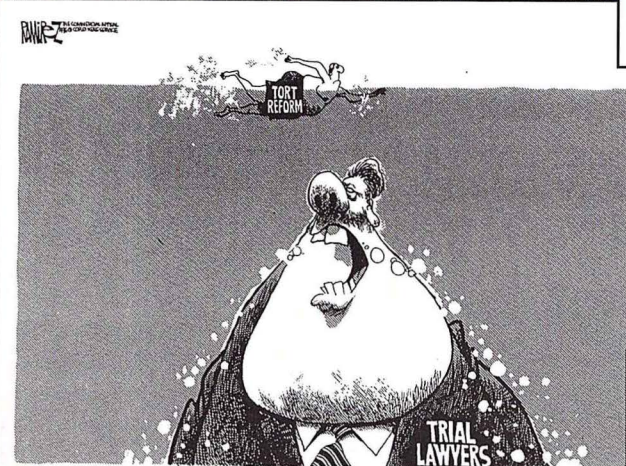
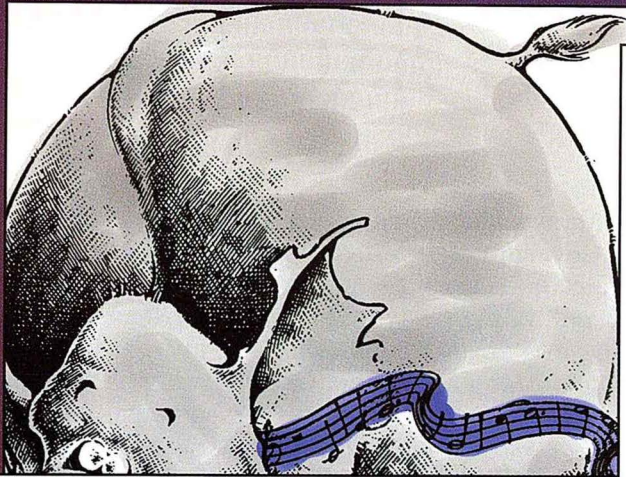


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ATLANTA TORCHES

BY COLLIE OWENS

Stepping outside onto the 15th floor balcony of the condo in Peachtree Tower once owned by John Portman—the city’s most famous architect—to escape the party’s overheated rooms, I have to admit that Atlanta’s nighttime skyline claims a certain austere beauty. A new skyscraper, designed by Portman, looms directly across Peachtree Street and now obstructs a portion of the view; but the vista is still impressive. The main thoroughfare below is clogged with traffic moving at two blocks an hour and crowds wait in looping lines to enter Planet Hollywood and the Hard Rock Cafe. The vision of clean lines and plain shapes espoused by the great Modernist remakers of cities does indeed possess an appealing grandeur, and from this height, at least, Atlanta is as beautiful as the king of Icaria’s daughter.

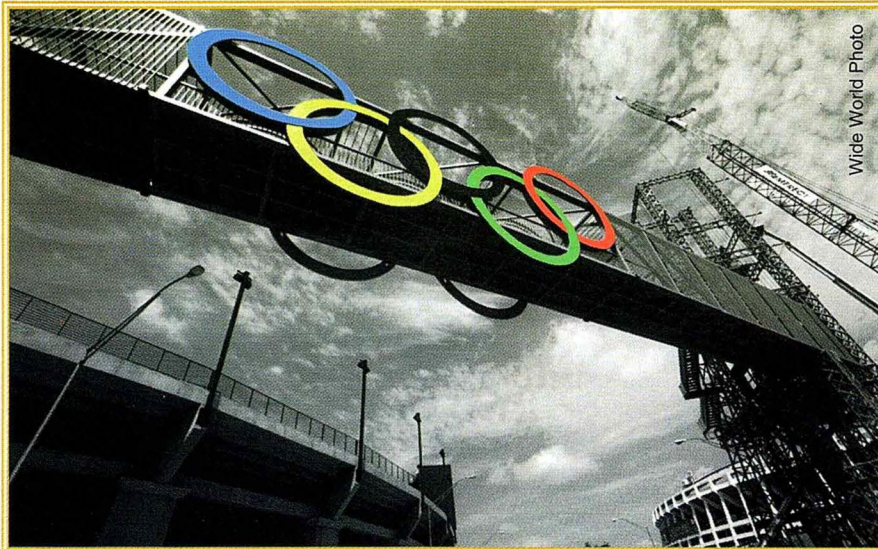
But what is afoot on the mean streets below? A number of rough beasts slouch about, it seems.

Jane Fonda, not content with actions as obviously traitorous as visiting Hanoi, now leftwardly slants the news through hubby’s CNN and undermines traditional values by testifying before the Georgia Education Department against proposed restrictions on sex and AIDS education. Her testimony has about as much credibility as Barbra Streisand speaking on public policy at Harvard. (Jane certainly has a packed curriculum vitae in the area of sexual experience though; just ask John Phillips of the old rock group

the Mamas and the Papas.)

Governor Zell Miller—nothing if not an astute politician—senses the way the political wind is blowing and, in the waning months, of his tenure, shape-shifts into a Newt Republican and away from a New Democrat, though not actually changing party affiliation like so many other truly conservative Southern Democrats have recently done. Granted, “Zig-Zag” Zell, as he is known here, faltered badly several years back when advocating the removal of the Confederate battle emblem from the state flag. As popular support for the current flag rose like a rebel yell, the Governor wisely retreated. But since that

misstep Zell has been on a tear. After vigorously promoting education through lottery revenues, he is building broad support through other popular initiatives like removing sales tax from food, eliminating state jobs, and cracking down on prisoners and welfare fraud. He may be positioning himself to run for U.S. Senate



Atlanta 1996

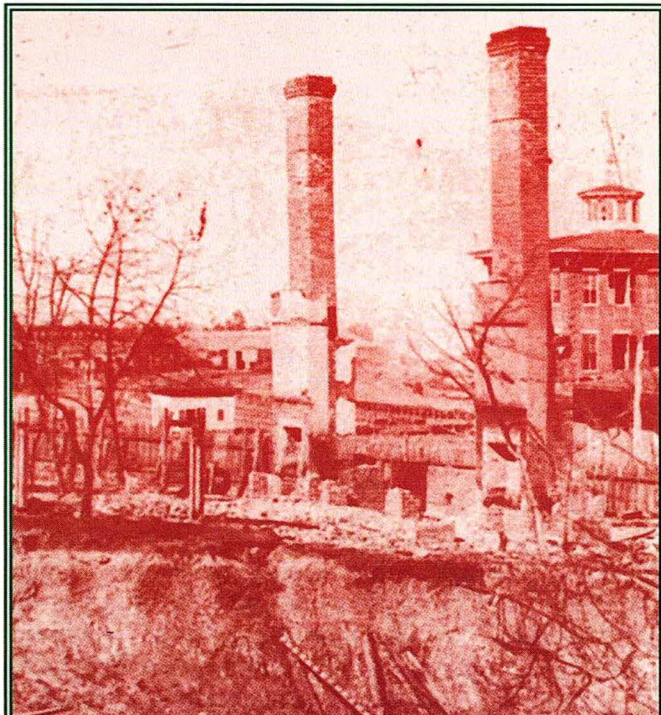
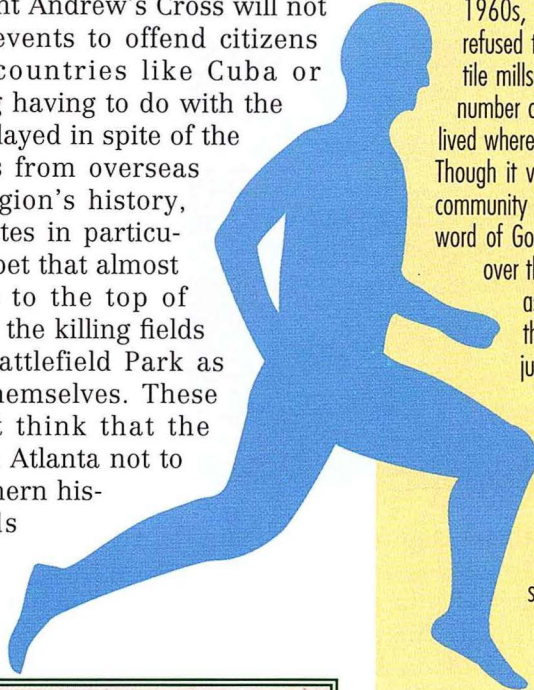
or some other office, though he claims that he has no further political ambitions. Sam Nunn had more integrity than to take a right turn; he just decided to retire, presumably realizing that the Democratic Party is essentially dead, or at least brain-dead. And, of course, his pension was fat enough.

A black group is clamoring for the removal of the “racist” symbols of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson that are carved into the face of Stone Mountain, the world’s largest chunk of exposed granite, just east of the city. I wonder if they advocate replacing them with heroic busts of Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and O.J. (If you think that this is far-fetched, remember that politicians in Richmond, Virginia, seriously called for placing a statue of Arthur Ashe on Monument Avenue along

RADITION

side the likenesses of Southern stalwarts—and succeeded.)

Officials do cave in to the politically correct crowd on several issues. For example, the state flag has been removed from Olympic pins, and the awful “racist” symbol of the Saint Andrew’s Cross will not be flying over Olympic events to offend citizens from more advanced countries like Cuba or Rwanda. In fact, anything having to do with the Old South is being downplayed in spite of the obvious fact that visitors from overseas are fascinated by the region’s history, the War Between the States in particular. I would be willing to bet that almost as many folks will ride to the top of Stone Mountain and walk the killing fields of Kennesaw National Battlefield Park as will attend the Games themselves. These spineless officials must think that the hordes are descending on Atlanta not to enjoy the locale and Southern history but to shake hands with the Olympic mascot Izzy (a computer generated abomination that



Atlanta 1865

THE POLITICS OF THE TORCH

BY TOM LANDESS

Editor's Note: The Olympic Torch Relay has attracted almost as much attention as the Centennial Olympics. Tom Landess reflects on the recent controversies surrounding torch-bearing and its meaning for Southerners.

I lived in SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA during the early 1960s, and I still remember it as a small Southern city that refused to take itself too seriously, despite the presence of textile mills that created a few local fortunes and employed a fair number of area workers. Spartanburg was the only place I ever lived where strangers in cars would wave at you as they drove by. Though it voted Democratic in those days, it was a conservative community run by people who believed the Bible was the inerrant word of God. I don't know how much Spartanburg has changed over the past 30 years—some, I'm sure, but apparently not as much as the rest of the country. That's why, back in the late spring, Spartanburg County got into trouble with just about everybody.

It seems that the County Council—disturbed by the growing endorsement of homosexuality by public officials and public schools—adopted a resolution affirming that “lifestyles advocated by the gay community should not be endorsed by government policy makers, because they are incompatible with the standards to which this community subscribes; and that gay lifestyle units are directly contrary to state laws....” The resolution also stated that the county wouldn't fund activities that “contravene these existing community standards.”

Now if you believe the folks in Spartanburg were just stating the obvious—particularly given South Carolina's anti-sodomy law—you must have been asleep for the last ten years. Today homosexuals constitute the most well-schooled, most effective, and most petulant political pressure group in the nation (maybe in the nation's history). Whenever public figures anywhere in the country venture a negative opinion about homosexuality, however moderately expressed, gay rights activists fling themselves about like Apache dancers, scream invectives, and wave obscene signs. When the health commissioner of New York City said there were not as many AIDS victims in Manhattan as previously announced, a howling mob, chanting four-letter words, marched over to his private residence and urinated on his lawn. In California an attack force of homosexuals beat up members of a church congregation assembling to hear a Christian speaker discuss homosexuality, effectively ending the meeting. And in Washington, a handful of protesters shrieked so loud and so long that they prevented the head of the FDA from delivering a scheduled address, because they believed the agency was delaying the release of new AIDS medication.

As a matter of fact, almost any public figure who disagrees with

Continued page 24...

looks like a mutated bug) or meander awestruck through the World of Coca-Cola.

Another instance of political correctness involves some nice ladies who decided to start the Georgia Quilt Project. Their aim is to make 394 quilts and put them on display at the Atlanta History Museum for the delectation of visitors. After the Games, each of the 197 countries participating in the Olympics would

exhibiting their civic pride? The Atlanta Historical Society? No cigar. Answer: Mercedes Benz. It takes foreigners, apparently, to honor Atlanta's prophets. The Atlanta City Council is continually in turmoil, rife with corruption and scandal. This is merely daily news here. The humorless joke of city politics (and Fulton County politics in which class warfare is constant) goes on and on, like an endless Ricki Lake shows on Politicians Who Take Drugs and Bribes and Make Love to Gerbils.

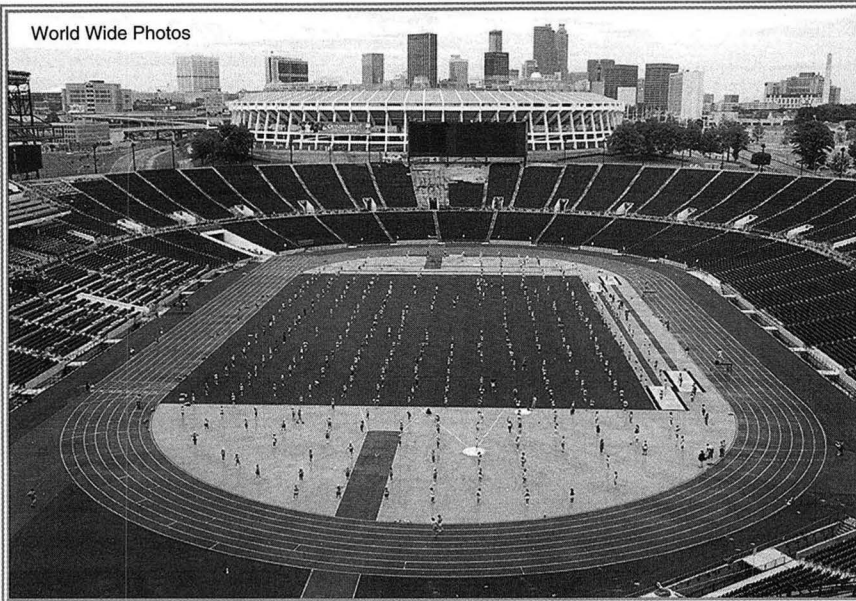
Controversy erupts when Walden House, a downtown home for the indigent, strikes a deal to move temporarily its 128 residents to another location during the Games so that their rooms can be rented for \$550,000 to IBM employees. Walden House managers claim the money will be used for improvements to the facility and will ultimately benefit the regular residents. A spokesperson for the Atlanta Task Force for the Homeless disagrees: "The Olympics has had the single most negative impact on the homeless people of Atlanta." State housing officials intervene and force cancellation of the deal.

A 500-woman "Treedom" March converges on the gold-domed state capitol building in downtown Atlanta.

The women, representing the Garden Clubs of Georgia, are protesting proposed state legislation that would make it easier for advertising companies to trim and cut down trees obscuring billboards. Moreover, they express their concern that Georgia ranks last in the South in the state-sponsored growing of wildflowers. In a pronouncement sure to warm the heart of John Keats as he looks down from where the immortals are, one lady explains her group's motive: "The world is coming to Georgia this year. Beauty is good business."

A disturbed individual armed with a two-shot .38 derringer takes a hostage inside the terminal at Hartsfield International Airport and holds off authorities while muttering over and over, "It's my time to go." The police are finally forced to fire a shot in order to subdue the man. If you plan on a trip through Hartsfield soon you might practice the old "duck and cover" move a few times before leaving home.

Plainclothes cops enter a motorcycle shop on Marietta Street and attempt to terminate what they claim is a robbery in progress. The owner, thinking he is being robbed when he sees the policemen's guns, opens fire. In the ensuing shootout, one man is "accidentally" killed by ricocheting bullet fragments, or so says the coroner. A tragic mistake, the talking heads commiserate. Then it comes out that the dead



take home two quilts as mementos of their Atlanta visit. Unfortunately for the ladies, certain images on their handiwork come under the scrutiny of jittery bureaucrats who demonstrate more "sensitivity" than Phil Donahue. One quilt has a black hand on it which, according to Olympic "police", might be offensive to Italians (not to mention visitors from New York, Chicago, Las Vegas, or Miami) because it is a symbol of the Mafia. Officials put out a contract on the black hand, and it is removed. Another lady has the temerity to include a soccer ball on her quilt. It too is removed because 12 of the 197 participating countries do not have soccer teams. The woman's labor of love is allowed to stay after she transforms the soccer ball into a globe. (No, Virginia, I am not making this up.)

The home in which Margaret Mitchell wrote *Gone with the Wind* is being restored. The house on Peachtree Street earned Mitchell's nickname for it, the Dump, for many months prior to the beginning of the restoration project. Several years ago, it was burned into a charred shell by a fire which police say was deliberately set—no doubt to rid Atlanta of another noxious racist symbol. It would have stayed in that condition if the city, county, and state governments had anything to do with it. Who is restoring the home of the South's most widely known writer? A local preservation group? Concerned citizens

man is a career criminal hated by the police. A witness surfaces who says she saw the dead man on his knees begging for his life before he was administered a deliberate and fatal dose of street justice. The police chief appears on the news and, in halting English, reassures the citizenry that she is "not sweeping anything under the rug." A local reporter learns, however, that the two policemen involved have had numerous complaints of brutality lodged against them before which were not acted on. A grand jury no-bills the two officers.

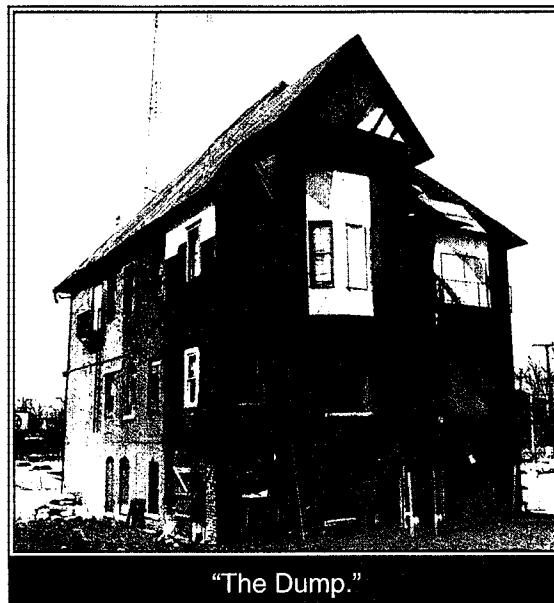
In spite of prettifying the city for the Olympic Games, the city's infrastructure continues to crumble. A main water line breaks leaving all of Buckhead (a prestigious residential/business/entertainment area) high and dry. A gigantic sinkhole swallows a parking lot, along with one poor unfortunate who loses her life. Bridges are declared unsafe. Streets are full of potholes.

Road construction and repaving are proceeding on the north side of the perimeter highway, I-285, creating in the process, however, monstrous traffic jams even at ten or eleven p.m. In early 1996, the city suffers the worst gridlock, at least since the blizzard of 1983, on a Thursday morning and then again during the evening rush hour due to "heavy volume" and numerous accidents. The Department of Transportation assures the public that the Advanced Transportation Management System will handle traffic flow. But with many streets closed or narrowed due to the Olympics, skeptical motorists foresee a legion of tie-ups ahead.

ACOG (Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games) boasts that security will be in place to thwart crime terrorism, conveniently forgetting that security was in place in Munich in 1972 also. Forgetting that bad movies like *Outbreak* could inspire some nutcase to blow up the supposedly bomb-proof CDC (Centers for Disease Control) and unleash deadly viruses like Ebola, a scenario that might be welcomed by Paul Erlich and the overpopulation prophets of doom but few others. Then there's Saddam's Revenge, which might show up as a low-grade nuclear device that detonated just outside the high security Olympic Village, the only polliwog benefit of which would be the vaporizing of Georgia Tech. (Alas, *The Varsity*—Atlanta's favorite fast food hangout—would be fried in its own grease also, a definite loss, unless you are on a low-fat diet;

it'll be naked dogs smoking, not naked dogs walking, i.e., plain hot dogs to go.) Forgetting that ACOG itself, in its finite wisdom, sends blueprints of the Olympic Village to an international terrorist organization which requests them by mail. Forgetting that local S.W.A.T. teams do not have counter-terrorism capabilities. Forgetting that the city cannot even control the hordes of black college students who show up here each spring for Freaknik, the name of which has been changed by city officials to Springfest or some such absurdity in a typically gnostic attempt to remake reality by words. Forgetting that crimes of all types continue apace. Forgetting that police are never seen downtown, the streets being given over to crazies, druggies, car thieves, transvestites, beggars and muggers. Forgetting that Underground Atlanta—a tourist trap disguised as a downtown mall—has been trashed by roving gangs of young blacks on more than one occasion, the police standing by as impotently as their Los Angeles brethren in Rodney's Riot.

The Bureaucrats' solution to crime in the streets? "Wearing bright uniforms, 50 new 'goodwill ambassadors' will hit the streets of downtown Atlanta in March in an effort to reduce crime and lure [sounds like a sinister word, doesn't it?] more people into the area, the new Downtown Improvement District's (DID) public safety manager said Monday," babbles *The Atlanta Urinal-Constipation*. These jobs will no doubt be filled by retired persons and college students looking for extra cash. The happy crew will be unarmed and carry only hand-held radios. If any of these "ambassadors" of the "friendly force" are still alive by the first week of August, I will be surprised. Their odds of survival are



"The Dump."

about the same as winning the jackpot in Lotto Georgia.

Atlanta used to be called the City Too Busy to Hate; now it is just too busy, manic in fact and all to no purpose. The madness and hype grow as the long hot summer arrives.

My advice is to stay away. For soon Atlanta will lie in smoldering ruins—either literally or metaphorically, while in the flames of hell General Sherman smiles. ☆

Collie Owens lives in Marietta, Georgia, near Kennesaw National Battlefield Park and teaches English at DeKalb College.

the gay rights agenda is called “bigot” and “hate monger”—two of the printable terms that gay rights activists commonly use. I personally know of one man who receives death threats almost every time he criticizes the gay rights movement on the air. With this kind of zeal, and with the support of an obsequious national press, gay activists are able to put enormous pressure on folks who don’t like to be called ugly names and have their front yards defiled.

That’s probably why, when the Spartanburg County Council passed its resolution, the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games suddenly began to rumble like Vesuvius about to spout flames over Georgia. How dare a county council anywhere on the planet Earth take such an action without clearing it with ACOG. And that wasn’t the half of it. Kathy Scanlon, president of USA Gymnastic, met with her coaches and directors to review the resolution, because the U.S. gymnasts had planned to train in Spartanburg. (Of course, that was before the County Council opened its mouth.) The question at stake: now that Spartanburg had come out in favor of its own community standards, how could the folks managing the Olympics possibly route runners bearing the famous torch through the county? They’d already punished COBB COUNTY, GEORGIA for the same sin; and what, after all, does that torch stand for, if not for sexual perversion?

The resolution was passed on May 13. On May 16, the matter was still under debate. Two days running, Governor David Beasley of South Carolina had been asked to comment on the resolution, and for two days he had refused, saying, according to the *Spartanburg Herald-Journal*, “that a judgment was premature until he could gauge the Olympic Committee’s stand on the issue.”

Now let’s get this straight. Governor Beasley couldn’t comment on the County Commission’s endorsement of traditional sexual morality until he found out what ACOG had to say about the question? A lot of us have been worried sick about what the U.S. Supreme Court would say about homosexual marriage, but apparently the final authority on such issues is the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games, otherwise why would the Governor of South Carolina be crouching under his desk until ACOG made a ruling? He’d just signed into law a bill banning homosexual marriage, but a resolution condemning “the gay lifestyle”—apparently that was another matter, particularly when the Olympic torch was at stake.

Spartanburg County Councilman David Britt was more decisive than the

governor. As soon as he heard that Olympics Committee just might reroute that torch, he had a change of heart. The *Spartanburg Herald-Journal* reported that Britt hadn’t been informed of the Olympic implications, and was ready to reconsider the resolution. It was one thing to support conventional sexual practices when you thought the torch was coming through on schedule, but quite another when you knew ACOG just might get mad and change its mind.

Besides, Britt discovered that the resolution was almost identical with the one passed in Georgia’s Cobb County in 1993, and Britt said he wouldn’t have voted for the Spartanburg resolution if he’d known of the similarity. “If we want to pass a resolution,” he said, “we need to say and write it out in Spartanburg County language.” (Imagine him not recognizing Cobb County language in the first place!)

Councilwoman Johnnye Code Stewart was also ready to reconsider the resolution. As she explained it, “I certainly don’t want us to lose the torch.”

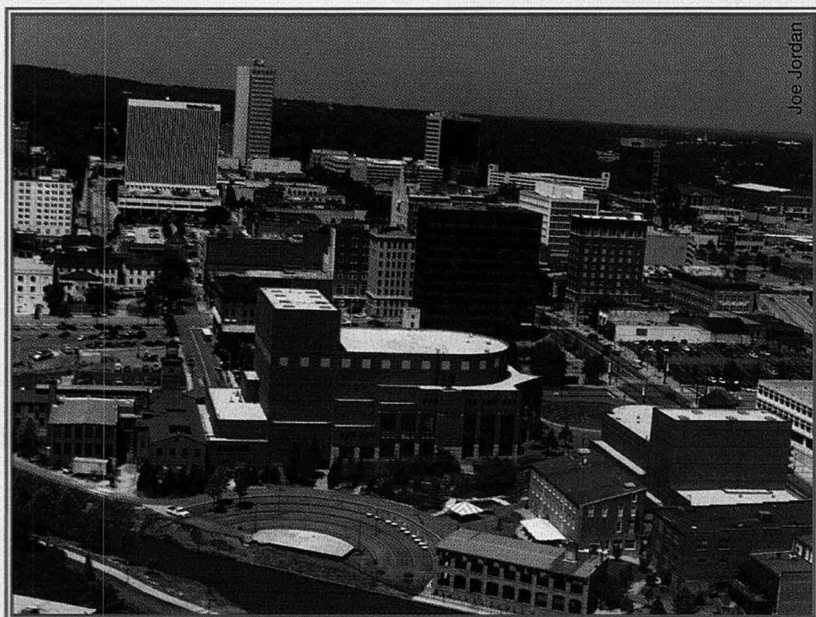
Sure enough, four days after they’d passed the resolution, the Spartanburg County Council rescinded it and replaced it with one that opposed same-sex marriage, a position that hadn’t as yet ruffled the feathers of ACOG. On the same day, the Committee announced they were “looking forward to bringing the torch to Spartanburg on June 25.” If anyone doubted the benevolence of ACOG, this gesture bespoke its magnanimity. Down in Columbia, Gov. David Beasley probably crawled out from under his desk and began to stride boldly around his office like a man cured of yellow fever.

Roger Bell of Greenville, who had been busily organizing a group called Olympics Out of the Upstate, to punish the folks in Spartanburg, called the council’s reversal a “victory for decency.” But Roger had spoken too soon. Indecency struck again—this time closer to home.

THE GREENVILLE COUNTY COUNCIL had been watching the Spartanburg saga with growing incredulity. County Councilman Mark Kingsbury said of ACOG: “What they’re saying is that any community that lets the torch run through it is giving an approval of a gay and lesbian lifestyle.” Councilman Scott Case put it a different way: “I think the Olympic committee has clearly overstepped its bounds when it starts dictating to communities what their values have to be.”

With growing horror those Greenville citizens who thought of themselves as “broad-minded” and “tolerant” watched their County Council convene, debate, and pass by a vote of 9-3 the very same resolution that the Spartanburg Council had passed and then rescinded. “Nobody’s worried about the Olympic torch in Greenville,” said Mark Kingsbury. And he also said something else—a carefully framed statement about what the resolution did not mean. He noted it did not deprive anyone of civil rights; it did not maintain anyone was unworthy; it did not say anyone was unloved. It simply condemned sexual behavior that was being promoted by the federal government, the media, and in the public schools. No one printed Mr. Kingsbury’s statement, because its charitable tone introduced ambiguities into the controversy that the press preferred not to acknowledge.

When you criticize homosexuality, however obliquely, you’re always attacked by two groups who are jaw-clenching defenders of sodomy—the homosexual community and the mainline Christian clergy. Indeed, some have concluded that there’s a lot of overlap between these two groups, judging from the zeal of the latter in defending the former. But, given the fact that a large proportion of clergy no longer believe the Bible should be taken too seriously, you needn’t question the sexuality of those involved. Mere apos-



Greenville, South Carolina

Joe Jordan

tasy will serve as an explanation.

Thus, an ad appeared in the *Greenville News* almost immediately after the County Council had acted. Called *A Statement by Greenville County Clergy*, its ringing pronouncements included the following:

We believe that sexuality is a deeply personal matter about which reasonable and godly people have vastly differing opinions. We feel that this is properly a matter between people and their God.

We believe that the real "standards of our community" are honesty, integrity, cooperation, respect for the law, and willingness to contribute time and energy to the life of the community. Good citizenship knows no bounds of religion, skin color, ethnicity—or "sexual lifestyle."

It's depressing to read something like this, signed by Christian clergy and rabbis, most of whom probably hold advanced degrees. Neither the Old Testament nor the New Testament suggests that sexual conduct is "so deeply personal" that the community has no vested interest in controlling it. Nor do reasonable people believe that any community or nation should be restricted from prohibiting sexual conduct while taxing its citizens to pay for the dire consequences of just such behavior. In other words, you can't argue that people have the right to do anything they choose in their own bedroom, and then, when they catch a disease or get pregnant while doing it, assert that the government has the responsibility to pay their medical bills and support their illegitimate children. Either one or the other, but not both.

Besides, if respect for the law is a community standard, as these clergy so argue, then why didn't they respect the anti-sodomy statute of the state of South Carolina? Do good citizens commit sex crimes? The 100 clergy signing this statement seem to believe they do.

The *Greenville News* reported this clerical opposition as follows: "Some religious leaders also are urging a second look because they say government involvement in setting moral values violates mainstream Christian beliefs." Yet mainline clergy across the nation support gay rights legislation from the pulpit precisely on the grounds that tolerance towards homosexual behavior is a "moral issue" that government should address. It's difficult to tell whether such intellectual confusion is malicious or the product of an increasingly ill-educated clergy—or press.

The business community was also quick to express its disagreement with the two resolutions. More often than not, businessmen are sympathetic to the gay rights movement—or else terrified of it. More and more, major corporations are sponsoring gay rights propaganda programs among their employees and adding the "domestic partners" of homosexuals to their group insurance policies, despite the increased costs. And one of the biggest businessmen around the Carolina Piedmont, Fred Dent, Sr.,—chairman of Mayfair Mills and a Nixon cabinet member—lectured the Greenville Chamber of Commerce on the impropriety of elected officials speaking out in favor of traditional morality, condemning the resolutions as "politically spiteful" and "politically immature." "I think what we need to discuss," he said, "is the trashing of the reputation of our two counties, Greenville and Spartanburg, by our county councils."

I remember talking with Mr. Dent some thirty years ago at a party in Tryon,

North Carolina. He was (and probably still is) charming and highly intelligent—a good man. But he obviously doesn't understand what the gay rights movement is all about. One of the most bewildering things about this movement's success is the degree to which it has enlisted the support of hard-headed CEO's who have apparently bought the arguments and evidence of highly sophisticated homosexual propagandists without examining the materials too carefully. If it weren't for the funding of gay rights activists by government and Big Business, the movement would have died years ago.

Knowing of the vulnerability of the business community, gay rights activists began to issue economic warnings. ANTI-GAY STANCE MAY HIT COUNTY IN POCKETBOOK, the *Greenville News* shouted, dancing on one foot to make its point. "Opponents of Greenville County's anti-gay stand are pushing officials to reconsider their decision and may launch an economic boycott, while corporate executives fear it will discourage business from coming into the area." Specifically, gay rights activists began to push the Olympics Committee and the Tour Dupont bicycle race to by-pass Greenville, because of its perverse support of family values.

And of course the fears of the business executives were understandable. What business, after all, would want to relocate its employees in a county where people believed in traditional family values? Who would want to raise their children in such an unwholesome environment? Why not move instead to Los Angeles, where a federal judge ruled recently that nothing could be judged obscene there because no community standards existed in L.A.?

Candy Kern of the National Organization for Women summed up the argument against Greenville: "Businesses will feel the pressure because they will not be able to recruit qualified individuals and individuals will stop buying their products. The thing the County Council has forgotten is their job is to make Greenville a productive and growing community, but they decided their religious convictions were more important than growth."

Can you imagine anyone, in the year 1996, believing that religious convictions are more important than economic growth? Why the idea is positively medieval. What's happening to America? Where is the old-fashioned greed that made this the greatest nation on earth?

And so the argument went—on and on and on, with the region's newspapers attacking the corpse of the story daily like buzzards tearing at carrion. But thus far, nothing catastrophic has happened. Yes, the Greenville County Council reconsidered its resolution and passed it a second time in June. Yes, the Olympic Committee paraded the torch through Spartanburg County and then smuggled it through rural Greenville County in the back of a van until reaching the politically correct city limits of Greenville. But BMW and Hitachi have not stuffed their factories in backpacks and struck out for San Francisco. Homosexuals have not fled the city and left behind deserted streets. God has not rained fire down on Greenville and Spartanburg, or turned Ms. Kern into a pillar of salt for looking back. Meanwhile, Mark Kingsbury and the Greenville County Council are digging deeper trenches, waiting for the next assault of the barbarians. ☆

Tom Landess is Associate Editor of *Southern Partisan*.



Spartanburg, South Carolina

Colonel James Barrow

b y B r y a n t B u r r o u g h s

"The Honor of Georgia Rests With You"

James Barrow was born and bred to be a soldier. He was named for a grandfather who served in the Revolutionary War, and his father fought in the Second Seminole War. After private tutoring on his father's plantation of 4,500 acres in Oglethorpe County, Georgia, Barrow spent a year at Georgia Military Institute, and then entered West Point on July 1, 1858, at age seventeen. He joined a cadet corps that included many Southern sons who would soon serve the Confederacy, including John Pelham, Tom Rosser, Dodson Ramseur, James Dearing, Robert Beckham and Joe Wheeler.

Nestled on a granite cliff overlooking the Hudson River and surrounded by rugged mountains, West Point seemed insulated from the storms of sectional conflict between North and South. In the spartan and poorly heated "1850 barracks," young men of intelligence and manners were drawn into close friendship, despite accidents of birthplace. Henry Du Pont from Delaware roomed with Llewellyn Hoxton of Virginia, while Maine's Adelbert Ames roomed with Alabamian John Pelham for a time, until Pelham teamed with fellow Southerner Thomas Rosser. Another barracks room housed Charles Ball from Alabama and Patrick Henry O'Rorke of New York, competitors for top ranking in their class. Other rooms housed George Woodruff of Michigan and John O'Brien of Texas, Morris Schaff of Ohio and John Asbury West of Georgia, Mathias Henry of Kentucky and Justin Dimick of North Carolina. Like many other cadets from Southern states, James Barrow roomed with a fellow Southerner, George S. Lovejoy of North Carolina.

The news of John Brown's failed insurrection at Harpers Ferry in October 1859

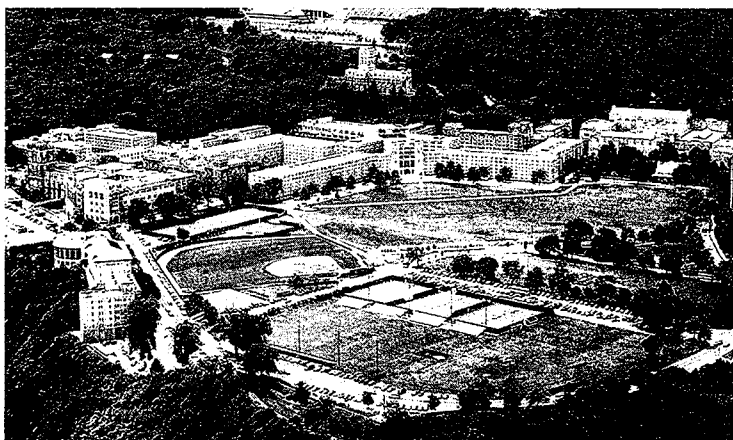
shattered West Point's tranquillity. Stunned by Brown's terrorism and shocked that Northern newspapers trumpeted him into a martyr, Southern cadets denounced abolitionists and condemned any cadet who shared the abolitionist view. During Brown's trial, several Southern cadets hung Brown in effigy from a barracks window. Two weeks after Brown's execution, Cadet Barrow wrote on page 125 of his geometry textbook: "Friday Dec 16th 59 the remainder of the Harpers Ferry thieves, traitors, & [?] will be hung today."

An uneasy truce settled upon West Point. Cadets debated the presidential election of 1860, and even conducted a mock election, which Southern cadets allegedly fixed so that Lincoln finished last. Barrow's father served as one of Georgia's delegates to the Democratic Party national convention, and joined with other Southern delegates who walked out of the convention. In late October the Southern cadets held a "disunion meeting" and vowed to resign from West Point if Lincoln was elected.

When the election returns in November brought victory to Lincoln and the Republican Party, Barrow wanted to resign from the academy immediately and return to Georgia. Regulations required that cadets obtain parental permission to resign, so Barrow wrote to his father, adding that "We are all very anx-

ious. Three of the Geo. cadets have their resignations and there are a great many from other states who have also received their resignations. I wish all the South was as united on the seceding principle as we Southern cadets are."

Many Southern cadets agonized over the decision between home and the Union to which they had pledged loyalty. Every



Colonel James Barrow's alma mater as it appears today.



Stephen Dodson Ramseur, a native North Carolinian and fellow cadet of James Barrow at West Point, also resigned to serve the Confederacy.

late afternoon they had marched across the parade grounds and presented arms as the Post flag was lowered in a simple but profound ceremony that symbolized the Union. They had invested years of sacrifice and study, and many stood only months away from a prestigious officer's commission in the United States Army. Edward Anderson of Virginia wrote after reaching his decision: "I know well that I resign everything." Even Pierce Young of Georgia, a cadet secessionist leader, chided his family: "You and others down there don't realize the sacrifice resigning means."

But for Barrow the decision was clear. On January 22, 1861, three days after Georgia seceded, James Barrow became the first Georgia cadet to resign from West Point. He had yet to reach home when his state commissioned him a lieutenant in one of the first two Georgia regiments being organized to resist Union aggression. But Barrow obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Confederate States Army, and was assigned to the Troup Artillery at Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River.

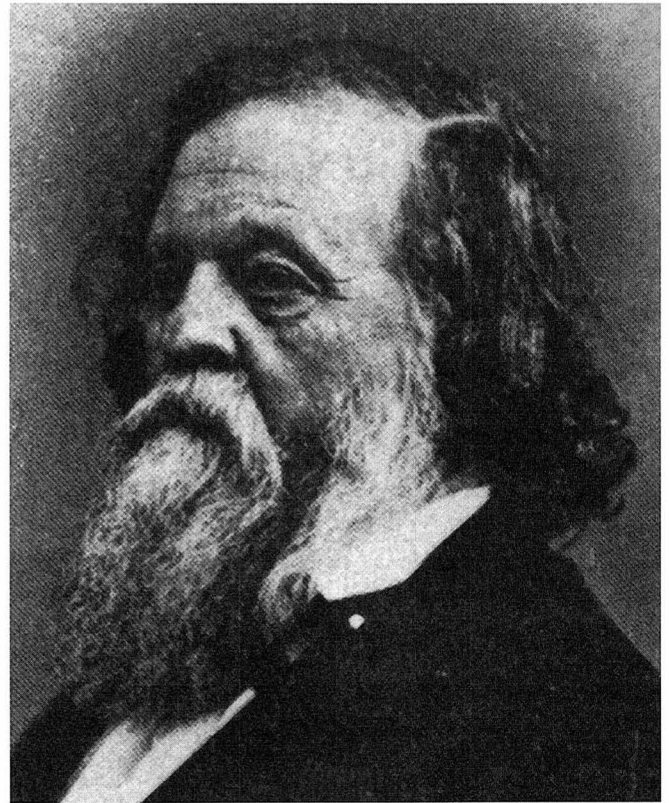
As he trained the raw recruits in artillery tactics, Barrow named one of his guns "Sally Craig" after a

16-year-old Georgia girl, who was in school in Pennsylvania when a Yankee regiment marched through on its way South. Waving a Confederate flag that she had secretly made, Sally Craig had boldly yelled, "Three cheers for Jeff Davis and the Confederate States of America."

Barrow's brilliant organizational and leadership skills drew the attention of Howell Cobb, former governor of Georgia. In June 1861 Cobb raised a regiment of Georgians for his command and selected Lt. Barrow as staff adjutant. One member of the Troup Artillery wrote: "Lieut. Barrow left us at Savannah, much to our regret. He was deservedly a favorite with all, and as instructor, friend, and companion, leaves an impression that may dim but never destroy. I parted from him as from a brother."

Howell Cobb's Sixteenth Georgia Regiment was quickly trained and transferred to Yorktown to counter McClellan's advance up the peninsula toward Richmond. As the Union and Confederate armies cautiously explored each other's lines, Cobb was named a brigadier general, and he promoted Barrow to the rank of Captain and to the position of brigade Assistant Adjutant General. Only one year out of West Point and not yet 21-years-old, Barrow served the Confederacy in a demanding staff position that required intelligence and bravery.

The cautious McClellan finally struck on April 16,



Howell Cobb organized the 16th Georgia Infantry while serving as speaker of the Provisional Confederate Congress

1862 at Lee's Mill, one of two crossings over the Warwick River about three miles south of Yorktown. Cobb's brigade blunted the assault and repulsed the Yankees with heavy losses, but Captain Barrow was wounded in the thigh while carrying orders from General Cobb to one of his regiments. As Barrow recuperated at home in Athens for five months, his brigade became part of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Robert E. Lee. The Confederates drove McClellan from Richmond in the Seven Days' battles, surprised the Yankees at Second Manassas, and then boldly advanced across the Potomac River into Maryland. Barrow was travelling northward to rejoin his brigade on the very day that Lee's army fought a desperate stand along the banks of Antietam Creek. When he reached the shattered brigade as it returned to Virginia, he wrote his father that Antietam had been "a very savage affair," and that he hoped Lee now would fight a defensive war, seeking to drive the Federals from Southern land.

In November 1862, General Howell Cobb was assigned command of the Middle District of Florida, and Barrow accompanied him to the headquarters in Quincy. As part of his staff adjutant duties, Barrow raised and trained the 64th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, demonstrating such skill that Cobb described Barrow to Secretary of War James Seddon as "the best military tactician in the Army." In June 1863 the new regiment recognized Barrow's skill by electing him to be its lieutenant colonel. Although it meant the departure of his brilliant staff officer, General Cobb marked the proud day with a letter in which he wrote, "I am parting not only with the best of officers but the kindest of sons."

During the summer of 1863, Barrow met Mrs. Elizabeth Kilcrease, a beautiful South Carolinian whose trim figure, blue eyes, and blond curls were greatly admired. She had married at age nineteen to a wealthy Florida plantation owner, who died of pneumonia in 1860. Forgetting his vow that he would choose a Georgia girl when the time for mar-

riage came, Barrow vied with many other officers for her attention, and proudly wrote his father in December that he and Elizabeth were engaged. The couple happily planned an April 1864 wedding.

But their wedding plans were hostage to war. Union troops landed at Jacksonville in February and marched westward. The two armies collided on February 20, 1864 at the railroad station of Olustee. The 64th Georgia spearheaded the Confederate defense against the 7th New Hampshire and the 8th United States Colored Troops, but the regiment's colonel was wounded early in the fight and command fell to Barrow. Soon ammunition was low, and the Georgians

were close to retreat. Waving the regimental colors above his head, Barrow implored his troops: "Follow me today, my men, and I will lead you to the enemy. Remember that the honor of Georgia rests with you." Emboldened by its commander's strong words, the 64th Georgia charged and scattered the two Union regiments, but James Barrow, at the age of 22, was killed by a shot through the heart.

His fiancée was attending a reception in her honor at the Barrow home on the very day of the battle. Elizabeth Kilcrease lost her fiancée and a brother at Olustee. Four more of Kilcrease's brothers were also killed during the war. She later married, and her son became governor of Georgia.

She served as hostess in the Governor's Mansion. Years later her granddaughter recalled that James Barrow was "the darling of her heart all the rest of her 86 years. She even told the children if Colonel Barrow had lived their names would have been Barrow instead of Gibbes. She often talked in her sleep and dreamed only of Colonel James Barrow."

James Barrow is buried in Oconee Cemetery in Athens, Georgia, under a great granite slab with a large Confederate flag carved upon it. He lacked sufficient years to prove his brilliant promise, but his memory is not forgotten. ☆

Bryant Burroughs writes from his home in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.



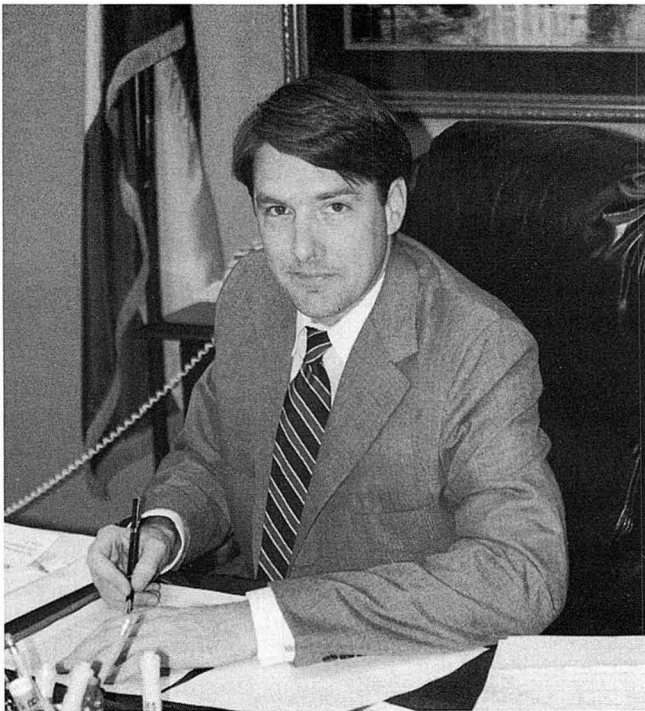
The gallant John Pelham, another hero whose life was cut short, entered the Point with James Barrow on July 1, 1858.

Bobby Horton

PARTISAN conversation

Christopher M. Sullivan

Executive Director, Southern Heritage Association



Christopher Sullivan is Commander of the South Carolina Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans and a governor's appointee to the Hunley Commission. After working as controller of his family's retail business which was founded in Greenville, South Carolina in 1856, Mr. Sullivan recently moved to Columbia, South Carolina to become the first full-time director of the ten year old Southern Heritage Association. Mr. Sullivan attended Shannon Forest Christian School before going to Furman University. A life-long Southern Baptist and fifth generation South Carolinian, he is active in church affairs and local politics.

Southern Partisan: Why would a young man leave a secure position in the jewelry business for the uncertainty and trials of being a full-time soldier for the Confederate cause?

Mr. Sullivan: Making these kinds of decisions is always difficult and change is not one of my strong suits. We are, however, at a crucial juncture in the life of our nation. We have before us an historic opportunity to make genuine change of revolutionary proportions possible. There is a certain occultation of political bodies which makes the goal of restoring the old pre-Lincoln social order a definite possibility.

But a lot of work is still required.

Southern Partisan: To be only 34-years-old you have been involved in the Sons of Confederate Veterans for a long time, just recently being re-elected as Division Commander. What are some of the activities you have engaged in?

Mr. Sullivan: Growing up we lived just down the street from Past-President General Katherine Jones of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and her sister Jackie. I would ride my bike up to see them and hear stories about the war: from time to time they would give me books and such. About fifteen years ago now Miss Jones asked me why I wasn't a member of the SCV. I had never heard of the organization and told her so.

A few weeks later I got a call from the local Camp Commander at the time who advised that my paperwork had been processed and I was a member. Miss Jones had even sent in the proper genealogical information.

My first impression of the SCV was surprise that there were that many other people who shared the same kind of ideas about our history and culture. I thought I was the only one.

I was later elected Commander of the state's

largest Camp and was elected Division Commander in 1994.

Southern Partisan: How have things changed since you were a Camp Commander?

Mr. Sullivan: The job of Camp Commander has stayed pretty much the same, but the overall state of the cause has changed dramatically. Ten years ago Southern loyalists were sojourners in a foreign land. Today we are on the verge of complete political and social dominance. There has been a sort of cultural Great Awakening with a renewed interest in the impact of history on contemporary events.

That has resulted in a rapid increase in our numbers. In 1982 the SCV had about three hundred fifty members in nine Camps in South Carolina. We have chartered that many Camps in 1994. When you consider the genealogical barrier to membership in the SCV, those kinds of numbers can tell you something about public sentiment. And it has paid off when it comes to wielding influence on heritage issues.

Southern Partisan: You seem to be very devout in your views. What leaders and writers have influenced you the most in your Southern pilgrimage?

Mr. Sullivan: Like most Southern boys, growing up I was fascinated with stories of the Confederate Army. Books about fighting men like JEB Stuart and N.B. Forrest were of great interest. The South Carolina warrior Francis Marion, "Swamp Fox of the Revolution" was also especially appealing.

Of more mature interest was Richard Weaver's posthumous volume *The Southern Tradition at Bay: A History of Post-bellum Thought*. Dr. Weaver's analysis just seemed to hit the spot and I have always liked it.

Southern Partisan: The fight over the Confederate Battleflag atop the South Carolina Statehouse came to a head and a victorious conclusion on your watch. We can see the Southern Cross kissing the breeze from here. But, the flag's future has not always been secure. What role did you play?

Mr. Sullivan: The controversy over the Battleflag had been brewing in South Carolina for as far back as I can remember. In fact my first cognizant political act was, at the age of nine, to call my local State Senator to complain about a bill he was co-sponsoring to bring down the flag. It failed as did several others that were put forward over the years.

In January 1994 the battle began in earnest

when the Black Caucus made a serious attempt to remove the flag. When pro-flag Senators introduced a bill requiring a referendum, the SCV and SHIA immediately started a state-wide advertising campaign to promote a counter-plan to hold a public referendum. This was the first time a referendum had been introduced as a solution to the problem. This kicked off an eighteen-month fight which ended eventually with passage of legislation preserving the flag's place of honor.

There were a lot of ups and downs. There were several close calls and at one point, were it not for Representative Harry Hallman of Charleston, we would have lost it completely. We had to get SCV men to call their legislators off the floor in order to urge them to oppose the bill to remove the flag. It was very close.

A lot of different people worked on the cause. The flag's enemies attacked in every possible venue—state and federal court, the legislature, the press, they even threatened an economic boycott which was a complete joke from the start.

One of the most important events was that year's primary. The Republicans put the flag question on their ballot as an advisory referendum. Even though not all counties tabulated these ballots (primaries were run by the party in South Carolina—not the state) we still got an overwhelming 78% support—and the Republicans got their largest turn-out ever and eventual control of the House of Representatives. The SCV can't get involved in politics so the SHA was able to run some pro-flag get out the vote spots that were a big help.

In the next legislative session we managed to pass legislation connected to the multi-million dollar Statehouse renovation project. Statutory protection for the flag silenced all the political jockeying and rendered the court challenges moot.

I am especially proud of the way our SCV members in South Carolina responded to the call. Whenever we asked, whether it was for funds, or to contact certain legislators, or whatever, they proved worthy of their lineage.

The SHA provided a lot of the technological muscle to get the job done. Most State Representatives never hear from more than a handful of their constituents in a year. Using state of the art computer technology we were able to energize large numbers of voters in strategically targeted legislative districts. The SHA also filed *amicus* briefs, took out huge newspaper ads and led petition drives. In the end the bill passed both houses by a wide margin: in fact it passed the House without opposition.

But, the fight isn't over. Our enemies are still there.

Southern Partisan: You hope to put these skills

to work as Executive Director of the SHA. What is the history of the SHA?

Mr. Sullivan: SHA was founded in 1987 specifically to counter such attacks. Like a lot of groups, money was tight in the early days and the opposition seemed to be insurmountable. But, the vision and perseverance of the founders proved to be substantial and the result has been an organization with a strong ability to motivate voters and influence opinion.

The SHA has never been much on headlines. Usually we prefer to work around the liberal media outlets who never print the truth about Southern history anyway. But success is better than publicity.

Southern Partisan: What do you see in the future for the SHA? Where would you like to take the organization?

Mr. Sullivan: Most Southerners are inherently patriotic and are loyal to the ancient values and traditions of their kin. Those values are not going to disappear no matter how hard the statisticians try.

The cause of the South goes beyond heritage violations and attacks on the flag. The South has been under a ruthless attack from the first day of First Manassas to the present. Even though we are no longer besieged by the Union army, the forces which motivated Sherman's March to the Sea are still wreaking havoc on Southern communities.

The Republican revolution in Congress is a bit of a relief, but block grants and occasional kind remarks about the Tenth Amendment is not what Patrick Henry, John C. Calhoun or any of the Confederate fathers had in mind when they spoke of states' rights.

If our people are serious about changing the *status quo* and restoring the principles which motivated the Southrons of the Confederate era, and their Revolutionary fathers, we have to start now.

Southern Partisan: What does that mean for the future of America?

Mr. Sullivan: It is important to remind ourselves that we live in the best country in the world. There is nothing America cannot do. Anybody who tells you

he had rather live in some other quarter of the world has probably never been there for very long. America is both less socialist and more productive than anywhere else. But the same could be said of Britain under George III.

We do not judge our civilization by the standard of other countries. We must judge it by an absolute standard. We may have it better than anybody else, but that does not mean we have the luxury of resting when we should be working to reestablish the ideas, doctrines and laws which are our natural legacy.

Southern Partisan: Sounds interesting. Should those who have shown an interest in the past or who have contributed money to the flag fight be expecting a letter from you soon?



Mr. Sullivan: Yes. One of our first priorities is to improve our membership operation. In the past we have concentrated more on fighting battles than on organization. The result has been a somewhat seat of the pants approach. What we will do is contact all of our current and past members as well as anyone who has ever worked with us before. Sort out the sheep from the goats as it were.

We need a core group of supporters prepared to work for real change in the culture, politics and traditions of the South—and America.

Southern Partisan: Do you think every Southern Partisan subscriber should be a member?

Mr. Sullivan: I would hope so. *Southern Partisan* is a great resource of ideas. SHA is going to be a great resource for action. I think the two will make a nice synergy.

Southern Partisan: How can subscribers contact you?

Mr. Sullivan: SHA is available by telephone (888) SAVE CSA. By mail PO Box 11719, Columbia, S.C. 29211. And, by e-mail at savecsa@aol.com.

Southern Partisan: Chris, thank you for your time. We are glad that you are on the job! ☆

C S S H U N L E Y :

Resurrecting the Past

In addition to his work with the Southern Heritage Association, Mr. Sullivan serves on the South Carolina Hunley Commission. Here is an update on the search for the Confederate Sub...

Southern Partisan: Where does the Hunley project stand now?

Sullivan: Well the discovery was made about a year ago when researchers from the South Carolina Institute of Archaeology and Anthropology (SCIAA) and a dive crew working for adventure-novelist Clive Cussler located the vessel. Since that time the Hunley Commission has authorized an assessment expedition which has just completed its work. The results are fascinating. Working with the Submerged Cultural Resources Unit of the National Park Service, SCIAA has made an extensive evaluation of the vessel's condition and surroundings.

Southern Partisan: What is her condition?

Sullivan: Very good. Actually better than we had hoped. She lies in relatively shallow water, but has been covered in mud and undisturbed until last year. She appears to be intact and in good shape. Of course, all the data has yet to be properly analyzed, but the prospects for full scale salvage and conservation are encouraging.

Southern Partisan: Has any new information about the submarine come from this expedition?

Sullivan: Well, I think we will have a lot of new information once the analysis is complete. Already we are seeing that the boat was significantly more advanced technologically than many of the familiar drawings and paintings might indicate. For instance, it appears that the hull was more submarine shaped rather than the pinched-ended cylinder that we often see. Also the spar, which was used to attach the torpedo to the target's hull, was lower on the bow and therefore below the waterline.

Southern Partisan: What about the crewmen? I understand there may be remains...

Sullivan: Because seawater is preservative of bone, the archaeologists tell us it is likely that her crew's remains are still aboard. One of the first things the commission did was put together an interment plan in case any remains were found. The plan calls for the men to be buried, with full military honors, in Charleston's (South Carolina) historic Magnolia Cemetery.

Southern Partisan: What is the historical significance of the discovery?

Sullivan: For one thing we can now conclusively say that the boat did not sink during the engagement with *U.S.S. Housatonic*, as the Yankees claimed. Rather, she was well on her way home when she went under. This is important because it means the Confederacy, while still in her infancy, designed, built and sailed the world's first operational submarine. It was another great Southern technological achievement. Remember, the U.S. Navy would not duplicate this feat for half a century.

Southern Partisan: We have read in the papers that there was some controversy about who owned Hunley and where she would be displayed if recovered. Have those problems been resolved?



Sullivan: When the discovery was first announced, a controversy arose about whether the boat was the property of the United States Navy or the State of South Carolina in whose waters she lay. The Navy holds that all sunken warships of the U.S. fleet are property of the Navy forever. They include Confederate vessels under the premise that everything that was ever Confederate became U.S. property when the South surrendered. As you can see it begins to get into some interesting legal territory.

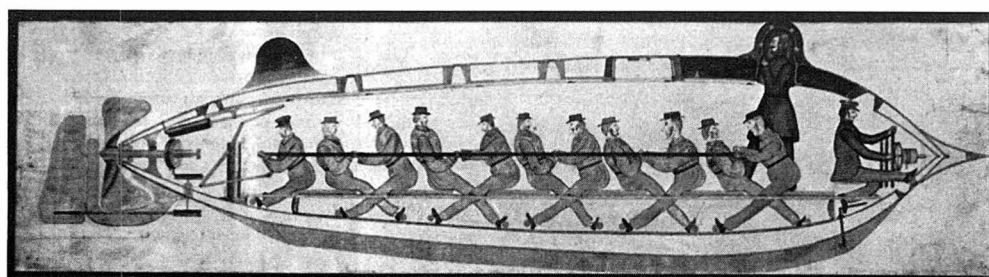
Southern Partisan: So, under this line of reasoning, if you find a Confederate belt buckle in your back-yard, the government of the United States can come get it because it belongs to them. Could they claim Southern museum collections?

Sullivan: Well, that is probably an over simplification, but it is essentially true as it pertains to this case. There was a case a few years ago where a private museum in Rhode Island salvaged a fighter plane that had been underwater since WWII. When they were half-way through the restoration, the Navy claimed it and ordered them to ship it to the Naval Air Museum in Pensacola at their expense. The Rhode Island congressional delegation had to get them to back off. I am not a lawyer so I can't explain it in legal terms, but Admiralty law applies differently to naval vessels. Under ordinary circumstances, a wreck belongs to the state in whose waters it lies. Warships, however, must be specifically abandoned. That is why it was so important for us to verify Hunley's true position. Had she been in international waters, we would have been sunk—legally speaking. South Carolina Attorney General Charles M. Condon's office did a lot of research, and we have a pretty good case. But, as you can see the whole question begins to get a little complicated. Had we been forced to litigate, the question of the legality of secession may have been debated in federal court.

Southern Partisan: That would certainly have been interesting. How did it all work out?

Sullivan: In the end we managed to agree to proceed with the assessment expedition and work out the legal details later. The Navy has been very cooperative lately and their help in the project is indispensable. They have the technical know how and the equipment like nobody else. Earlier this year, Hunley Chairman Glenn F. McConnell, Attorney General Condon and myself flew to Washington to meet with the Undersecretary of the Navy. The four principal Navy officials at this meeting were all current or former submariners and, while none was a Southerner, they had all been stationed in Charleston at one time or another. So, they had a much better understanding and appreciation for the situation. They loved Charleston and genuinely respected the courage of the crewmen. At one point in the meeting Attorney Gen. Condon directly addressed the question of title saying that some Navy officials seemed to think they were supposed to decide if South Carolina was competent to handle such an important project. "The states," Condon pointed out, "should decide if the United States government was competent to handle such matters, and furthermore, it was that kind of attitude that forced us to sail that submarine in the first place."

Then they knew we were serious. ☆



Two views of *H.L. Hunley*. (TOP) Confederate painting by Conrad Chapman. (BELOW) Union impression of *Hunley*. Note that driveshaft is not connected to screw on Union view.

The S.A.T.

Taxing My Southern Accent

Fershore, They's No Place to Excape

BY CHARLES A. JONES

"I

moan go to de Sebum-Lebum and get me a sebumdee-watt bub and a battree. You know, I'm goan go ovar and get me a bub and a battree. I spect I'll even ast if they got a copy of duh article about speaking with a Southern accent."

For those readers who are not *real* Southerners, the translation of these two sentences is, "I am going to go to the Seven-Eleven and get me a 70-watt bulb and a battery. You know, I am going to go over there and get me a bulb and a battery. I expect I will even ask if they have got a copy of the article about speaking with a Southern accent."

Why is this awareness of Southern language necessary? Because Southern accents are now vitally important for two reasons.

First, with the advent of political correctness, we must realize that we are "geographically-challenged" (i.e. Southern). This is quite a problem. People, such as Mimi Williams at Guilford Technical Community College in North Carolina, even offer courses which help people "correct" their Southern way of speaking. I can now apply for "fedral" aid and sue for civil rights violations if my work is rejected because I am a Southerner.

Second, with the election of Bill Clinton as the First Spouse, Americans are again exposed to SAFHUP: Southern Accents From High-Up Places. But these



SAFHUPs do not bode well for the South, for one key reason—The Hillary doesn't have a Southern accent.

This is bad news if she finds our accents can help the economy in ways other than providing opportunities for entrepreneurs like Mimi Williams. Soon, Southern accents may be called upon to be one of many punching bags for raising taxes.

Why would the IRS be interested in Southern speech? I fear that to feed the ravenous appetite of the insatiable FSM (federal spending mechanism), President Hillary will impose—not a GST (as in Canada) or a VAT (as in Britain)—but a two-fold SAT (Southern Accent Tax).

The first SAT will be a \$5 "contribution" (Clintonspeak for "tax") for each Southern pronunciation. Like a sales tax, this tax will be collected after each "transaction" (conversation).

The second SAT is an addition to adjusted gross

income. One line of IRS form 1040 will read as follows: "Do you speak Southern? If *yes*, complete Schedule S." Schedule S is a list of Southern words and expressions; if you used more than 75% of them during the tax year, your accent is a taxable activity, and you must add \$5,000 to your adjusted gross income.

Unless you have had a course on Southernese, you may not be aware if your accent is taxable. As a public service, "heuh" is how to recognize Southern talk and to avoid it if "de federal govment" taxes it.

A study of Southernese must begin with watching at least 10 pre-1966 episodes of *The Andy Griffith Show*. Pay particular attention to the way Andy and Gomer speak. (Andy Griffith and Jim Nabors are genuine Southerners.)

After watching these episodes, the student next studies the content of Southernese. Below is an abstract of Southern words and expressions from Schedule S:

Aint. Aunt; do not confuse with "ain't," as in, "I ain't a-goin' to de fillin station now."

Awfff. Off.

Awl, ull. Oil.

Battree, batree. Battery.

Bleave. Believe.

Bub. Bulb.

Bum. Bomb. My uncle's foreign policy is to "Bum 'em."

Captul. Capital; capitol.

Cent. Cent or cents.
A quarter is 25 cent.

Chayuh. Chair.

Confedrit. Our side during the War Between the States.



Cut on or off. Turn on or off. *During my father's WWII aviation cadet training, the other cadet's ridiculed him for saying "Cut off the lights." After graduation, he dropped his "bums" on the Japanese (see the "bum" above.)*

Dawgh, dawguh. Four-legged animal which bites Northerners.

Dayhum. Damn. (Southerners convert "damn" into two syllables.)

De. The.

Depity. Deputy.

Downar, downare. Down there.

Everbody, everthing. Everybody, everything.

Excape. Escape.

Eyece cream. Ice cream.

Eyes. If eyeszu. I was. If I were you.

Far. Fire.

Fedral. Federal.

Fershore, furshore. For sure.

Fower. Between three and five (rhymes with "mower.")

Govment. Government.

Goan. Going to. "I'm goan to hep my Aint Mary."

Guppin'. Gulping. Guppin' eyece cream causes headaches.

Haif. Haif a mind. Half. Half a mind, which is a statement of intent: "I got haif a mind to cut that light off."

Hail. Drunkern hail. Hell. Drunker than hell. *My uncles (Roy and Ernest) once had to drive home a nurse who, while staying with their elderly grandmother, got drunk. Roy threw her in the back of the car and said excitedly, "She's in the back seat of your car Ernest and she's drunkern hail!"*

Hep. Help.

Heuh. Here.

Holt. Hold. "Grab a holt of that child."

How you? How are you?

Hunnerd. Hundred.

Ignernt. Ignorant.

Jew-eat. After dinner question: "Jew-eat any turkey?" No relation to Jewish people or Hebrew.

Lebum, elebum. Eleven.

Likiss, likat. Like this, like that.

"YOU RECKON?"

Moan. Am going to. *"I moan watch de TV."*

Never heard tell. Surprised first impression. *"I never heard tell of de govment taxing my cat before."*

Norkalina. North Carolina.

Orn. Iron. *"I moan orn my shirt."*

Ovar, ova theyuh. Over there.

Own. Want to. *"I own get a bub."*

Planation. Plantation.

Propity. Property.

R. Air. *"The fillin' station charges for r now."*

Regalation. Regulation.

Rum. Room.

Run you over. Give you a ride.

Satday. Saturday.

Sebum, sebumdee. Seven, seventy.

Seddown. Sit down.

Sekitary. Secretary.

Spouse. Suppose.

Spect. Expect. *"You can't spect him to have three cent."*

Spell. Time period ("Seddown a spell.") or mysterious illness (*"Granny had a spell last night."*)

Summers. Some where. *"My cat is summers around heuh."*

Take and (or Get and take). Preface indicating the need to obtain or focus on something before taking action. *"Take and change that tar." "Get and take the eyece cream and put it in a cone."*

Took a notion. Past tense of "half a mind." *"He took a notion and cut off the light."*

Tar. Tire.

Tarred. Tired.

Theys. There is.

Theyuh, thar. There.

Tubafour. Lumber measuring 2 inches by 4 inches.

Tumy. To me. *"Bring the tubafour tumy."*

Ud. Would. *"He ud go upar tomorrow."*

Upar, upare. Up there.

Vetran. Veteran.

Victree. Victory.

Wynndur. Window.

Yawl. You all.

Yonder. Indication of distance. Related terms: richonder (right yonder, i.e., nearby) and upyonder (up yonder).

You know. Universally inserted phrase.

Now that content has been discussed, what about style? Here are the keys to recognizing illegal Southern speaking patterns:

Allow plenty of time for a Southern conversation (hours or days may be needed). I often wonder if we lost the War because of the way we talk. One does not find rushed conversation drenched with hateful, abrasive Maryland, New Jersey, or New York accents or speech patterns (ironically, people from these states have almost always treated me courteously). A Northern encounter could occur as follows:

Question: "Where is the best place to stay in town?"

Answer: "What do I look like, a tour guide?"

A Southern conversation could not occur as such. Instead, the following pattern must be observed:

1. Inquirer gives background, asks a question, and explains why he is asking it.

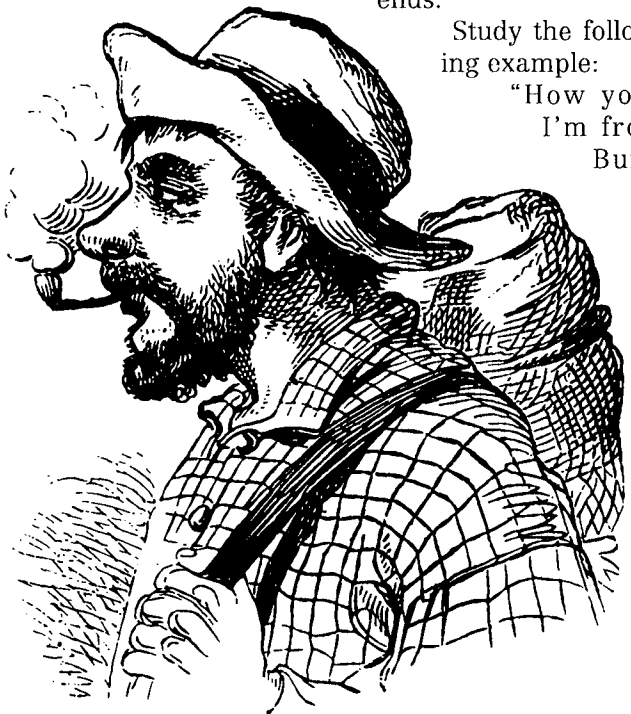
2. Answerer gives background and answers the question. [Optional: discuss common ground; express personal woes and sympathy; place blame on "fedral govment"]

3. Inquirer repeats the question.

4. Answerer repeats the answer. Warning: the appearance of steps 3 and 4 does *not* automatically indicate the end of the conversation; these steps may be repeated numerous times before the conversation ends.

Study the following example:

"How you?
I'm from
Buies



"I S'POSE SO."

Creek, and I have never been here before. I am looking for de Confedrit monument; my great-grandfather served in de Confedrit regiment from heuh. Where is de best place to stay?"

"I've lived here all my life. I think de Hampton Inn richonder is best. My great-grandfather was in de War too." [Extended discussion of the War; take out orders for food may be necessary.]

"You ever been to Buies Creek?"

"Yeh, hits about a hunnerd mile from heuh, ain't it?"

"Yeh, my wife just died thar and de govment took my business."

"I'm sorry to hear that. They took most of my money too, you know."

[Extended condemnation of "de federal govment"]

"So you think de Hampton Inn is best?"

"Yeh. You know, I think I ud stay thar."

"I think I'll just go ovar. Spose hits open?"

"Yeh. If eyeszu, I'd go ovar."

Past tense. Usage is highly irregular here. "He come over after his mother had a spell and hepped me move a tubafour." "Jimmy sure has growed." *The Greensboro News & Record* quoted a local politician, exasperated by an issue which would not die, as saying, "We done run this dog to death, beat him down and now we're eating the meat off him."

Courtesy. Using "sir" and "ma'am" is irregular. Old people say them to young people and vice versa. A clerk age 50 at a "Sebum-Lebum" store may well say to me (age 38), "That will be fifty-sebum cent, sir."

Insert "a" in front of verbs. "I'm a-goin' home." "They were a-makin' a movie richonder."

Repetition is crucial. My father told me three times not to take the garbage out on the Robert E. Lee holiday. I am unsure, however, if this reflects Southern speaking style, parental directives, or my inability to follow instructions.

Desire, contempt, and criticism are always expressed politely and indirectly. Absent is the hateful directness and abruptness found in Maryland, New Jersey, or New York. Instead of saying, "Bob! Will you hurry up and give me the peas!" say, "Bob, would you please take some peas and please pass them on?" I had a female relative who weighed in at least 250 pounds, but my grandmother would only refer to her as a "stout woman."

WARNING: Contempt and hatefulness *are* displayed directly to retaliate for remarks like, "I think Robert E. Lee was a traitor." or "Why do they fly that awful Confederate flag?" Such remarks are best made beyond the range of small arms "far" or in a car with all "wynndurs" closed.

Me. Use "me" after "get." "I moan get me a Goodyear tar."

The younger person always listens (unless the

elder asks for a response). After Uncle Bob has complained nonstop for two hours about "de federal government," the only correct response is to nod agreement and to "excape" to the kitchen or to the bathroom.

Southern content and style do not indicate lack of intelligence. A Northerner may laugh at the accents of hotel staff members in "Norkalina" or Florida, but consider which way the cash is flowing. The North wanted Robert E. Lee on *its* side, and if Stonewall Jackson had not died in 1863. . .

Having reviewed basic content and style, the student should test his or her recognition of Southernese. First, watch the Andy Griffith episodes again; notice key phrases such as Andy saying to Gomer, "Seddown, Gomer." Next, tour a museum in Richmond and practice the following on the guide:

"Who used to live heuh before hit was a museum?"

"Whose chayuh is that ova theyuh?"

"Is de Norkalina Rum open today?"

"Are we near de captul?"

So, friends, if we avoid the VAT (Value Added Tax) but have an SAT, you will know how to avoid Southern and the further transfer of your money to "de govment" which won in 1865 and still occupies the Southern states. And, you will not be surprised when "IRS" stands for "Increased Revenue from Southerners." (Oppression of the South historically has involved economics.)

What better way to finance health care "reform" than to tax our accents. (By the way, will the Hillary Health Care Horror pay for the therapy necessary to correct our accents?)

Congress will probably exempt itself and the executive branch from the SAT; after all, "de dayhum federal govment" needs all "de hep" it can get. Besides, it can do as it wants since it long ago beat all 50 states into submission (via war or the "federal" treasury or "federal regulations"). The South, however, still has powerful agents in the Congress who can perhaps ensure that Native Southerners will be taxed only at "captul" gains rates. I can't wait to see the IRS implementing "regulations."

Meanwhile, I marvel at how de govment—federal and state—works at banning parts of our Southern heritage: firearms, Southern flags . . . After taxing our accents, I wonder what tax is next: a duty on sweetened tea?

In any case, I am still proud to be a Southerner, but if I am travelling undercover, i.e., outside the Occupied South, I say "petroleum" so that my usual "ull" will not give me away. At home, however, I can relax, even if my uncle yells at me for "guppinn' my eyece cream."

Time to sign awfff. ☆

Charles Jones is a retired Marine who writes from his home in Norfolk, Virginia.

SQUIRRELS

A SOUTHERN PURIST TRADITION

by Jim McCafferty



I like squirrels. Whether they're scampering through the treetops or simmering in a frying pan, smothered in onions and gravy, I am chief among squirrel admirers.

Or I used to think I was, until a client here in Mississippi told me this story.

His daughter was attending an exclusive prep school in the Washington, D.C. area. A sweet—and, perhaps, slightly naive—Mississippi girl, she had been reared by a mother and father who counted squirrel hunting among life's most sublime experiences. One of the family's three dogs, in fact, was a feisty mutt dedicated to treeing squirrels.

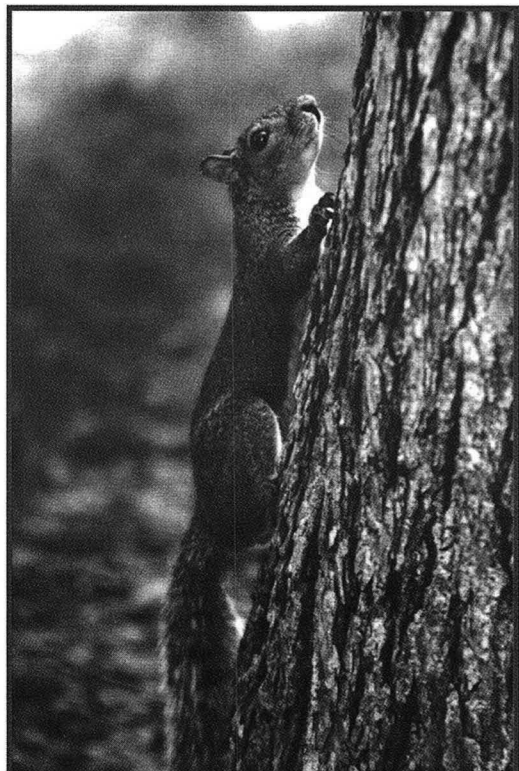
Well, it was parents' day at the boarding school, and the Mississippi couple had a grand time touring their daughter's campus in the company of the girl's roommate and her family, city folk from the northeast. That evening the two families dined together at a restaurant almost as exclusive as the prep school and, as the adults enjoyed cocktails, the two daughters, within earshot of the grownups, discussed their respective homes.

"Do you have any dogs?" asked the northern girl.

"Yes," said the Mississippi teen. "We have a Lab, a Jack Russell Terrier, and my mother has a squirrel dog."

"A squirrel dog?" asked the other girl. "What's that?"

"A dog you hunt squirrels with," the Mississippi girl replied, in a tone that betrayed incredulity at the thought that anyone would not know what a squirrel dog was for.



Sciurus Carolinensis

"Hunt squirrels? What do you mean, hunt squirrels?" came an equally incredulous reply.

"I mean the dog finds the squirrels, and you shoot them."

Now the city girl's quizzical look turned to one of shocked disbelief, and her parents were beginning to cast concerned glances back and forth between the girl's table and the squirrel-hunting mother.

"Shoot them? Why do you do that?"

The Mississippi girl obviously had about had a bait of such foolish questions. "Why to eat them, silly."

Drinks and supper were finished as quickly as tastefully possible, and the city couple rushed back to their hotel, no doubt to begin writing their request for a change of roommates for their daughter for the next term.

No matter who the new roommate was, the Mississippi squirrel hunting family, you can be assured, was back in the woods the next fall.

They were following a fine tradition. The squirrel, even more so than the rabbit, has been the game staple of the South since European settlement first began here.

Squirrels have also been the traditional initiation



Animals depicted in Brickell's
Natural History of North Carolina.

species for young hunters. It hasn't been all that long since no Southern parent would have thought of taking a child deer hunting until the youngster had mastered the art of hunting small game with a .22 or a shotgun. There was no argument about it: an apprenticeship on squirrels was a prerequisite for big game.

Time and the deer explosion of the last 30 years have changed that. Today, a child's first hunting trip is as likely to be for whitetails as for bushytails, and many self-taught adult hunters have likewise opted to start at the top. In my years as an outdoor writer, I've had numerous parents brag to me about the monster buck 10 year old junior sniped out of a permanent deer stand overlooking a bean field—or even a mechanical feeder. I once met an eleven-year-old whose father told me the boy had killed in excess of 50 deer. Pity the child who has become such a killer at such a tender age. And kill is the right word, for hunting is hardly involved in shooting a deer from a

metal room on a steel tower. Patience, maybe; marksmanship, perhaps. But not hunting.

Why waste time on little gray squirrels when the woods are full of big, gray deer?

For one thing, there is probably no better way to become a good deer hunter than to first become a good squirrel hunter. The trained eye, the silent stalk, and the steady hand the practiced squirrel hunter acquires are as deadly on bucks as on bushy-tails.

Squirrel hunting, as compared to deer hunting and bass fishing, is almost totally non-commercial. Small game hunter numbers are down every year. The hucksters and the conmen with their deer lures and buck decoys and similar gadgetry don't waste their time trying to sell such geegaws and gimcracks to squirrel hunters. There are too few of us. As a result, squirrel hunting remains the simple pursuit that, to my mind, makes hunting so enjoyable. It is a purist's sport.

The South has two primary species of squirrels, the gray squirrel (*sciurus carolinensis*)—also called cat squirrel for the mewling-like calls it makes—is the smaller of the two, and generally, the more common. Though he's resourceful enough to eke out a living just about anywhere, the gray definitely prefers the big woods. Mature hardwoods full of oak, beech, and sugarberry, and long ridges, heavily timbered with hickories, are far and away his favorite habitats. Rarely weighing over a pound, and, typically, fewer than 20 inches in length from nose to tail, the little gray makes for a difficult target when he's scampering among the autumn foliage.

The fox squirrel, on the other hand, may weigh as much as three pounds and stretch well over two feet from tip to tip. His coloring differs markedly from the gray's. While cat squirrels are, except for the light colored fur on his underside and some darker hairs in his tail, generally gray throughout, fox squirrels vary widely in color, ranging from reddish yellow to black, with certain phases more common in some parts of the South than in others. That is certainly the case in my own home state of Mississippi. Fox squirrels in the hills of northern Mississippi, for instance, tend toward the reddish-yellowish phase, darker along the back, with white tips on their noses. In the Delta part of the Mississippi, where fox squirrels often outnumber grays, the fox squirrels tend to be a lighter, more uniform red. In the lower Delta counties, and on down to the Vicksburg and Natchez areas, a substantial number of fox squirrels are coal black all over. As a result, plenty of hunters will swear there are three species of squirrels in that part of Mississippi: grays, fox squirrels, and black squirrels. Biologists assure me, though, that the black squirrel is merely a color phase of the fox squirrel. Indeed, the fox squirrel's scientific name is

sciurus niger—black squirrel.

Fox squirrels typically prefer more open areas than do their gray cousins: woods bordering cut-overs, row-crops, and pasture lands are good places to find them. Gray squirrels are most active during very early and late hours, while fox squirrels rise later and are regularly seen during late morning and mid-day.

A third species of squirrel, the red squirrel (*tamiasciurus hudsonicus*) inhabits the higher elevations of the Southern Appalachians. Only about half the size of the gray, the boomer, as he has long been known to Southern mountaineers, is not, to my knowledge, much hunted. His fur is redder, darker and more uniform than the fox squirrel's, and his audacious scolding is familiar to campers, hikers, and others who frequent the ridges of our Southern Highlands.

For both species, shotguns are by far the most popular weapons. Most hunters prefer a 20-gauge or larger bore, loaded with number six shot. It's my opinion, though, that the .22 is the superior tool for squirrel hunting. It's not as difficult to hunt squirrels with a rifle as most people think, either. Take the time to fit your rifle with a decent scope (I have a serviceable but inexpensive brand, four power, on my rifle) and sight it in well. If I can do it, just about anyone can.

About five seasons back, I became so impressed with my own shooting ability that I took rifle hunting for squirrels one step further. I, along with some other outdoor writers, was invited on an Alabama squirrel hunt by Bob Hickey, a thoroughly Southern, former University of Alabama basketball player, who owns a Norcross, Georgia, company with the unlikely name of Connecticut Valley Arms. CVA is well-known in hunting circles as an importer/distributor of black powder arms. That was the twist on this hunt. We were to use muzzleloading shooting irons.

Some weeks before the trip date, Bob asked me whether I would like to shoot CVA's .36 cal. squirrel rifle or one of CVA's 12-gauge, muzzleloading shotguns. Out of some sense of bravado, I chose the rifle. Over the next few weeks I took it out to the range a couple of times and tinkered with it to the point that I could hit the bull's eye at least some of the time at 25 yards and, occasionally, at 50. I was certainly no

Crockett, but at least the squirrels couldn't feel totally safe with me around.

The appointed rendezvous for this outing was the foot of Cheaha Mountain in Alabama's beautiful Talladega National Forest, and the woods were putting on their autumn finery when I arrived there on the last Friday in October. Bob Hickey lectured our group briefly on muzzleloader use and safety, then sent us into the woods to bring back squirrels. As we dispersed, I noticed that only one other guy was carrying a rifle. Everyone else was shooting

one of the scatterguns. Maybe I had bitten off more than I could chew.

My guide for the weekend was Talladega District Ranger Kent Davenport. Kent drove us to a spot on Cheaha that was to be our hunting ground for the next few days. I saw squirrels aplenty, but since second chances with muzzleloaders are rare, I held my fire on most, waiting for the right shot. It never came. The whole weekend, I shot only twice: both misses. I took some comfort in the fact that the only other rifleman in our crew brought in a single squirrel—and took 11 shots to do it. But he agreed with me that even missing is a pleasure with a muzzleloader.

Even squirrel-less, I had a grand time. Autumn is my favorite time to sleep outdoors. The fireside fellowship was beyond compare, and each day in the woods was an adventure. For instance, during my peregrinations along Cheaha's slopes I discovered an old still site, raided by "revenooers" decades ago—the ax marks were still visible on the mash vat, and barrel hoops and broken crockery littered the streamside site. I also slipped up on one of the handsomest whitetail bucks I've ever seen. I put the squirrel gun's sights on him, counted coup, and let him pass.

There was to be no bulging game bag for me that weekend, but I drove back home with that satisfaction that comes only from a healthy dose of Southern woods. And that is what squirrel hunting is all about. ☆

Jim McCafferty lives in Jackson, Mississippi where he practices law, concentrating on environmental issues.



First in Our Hearts

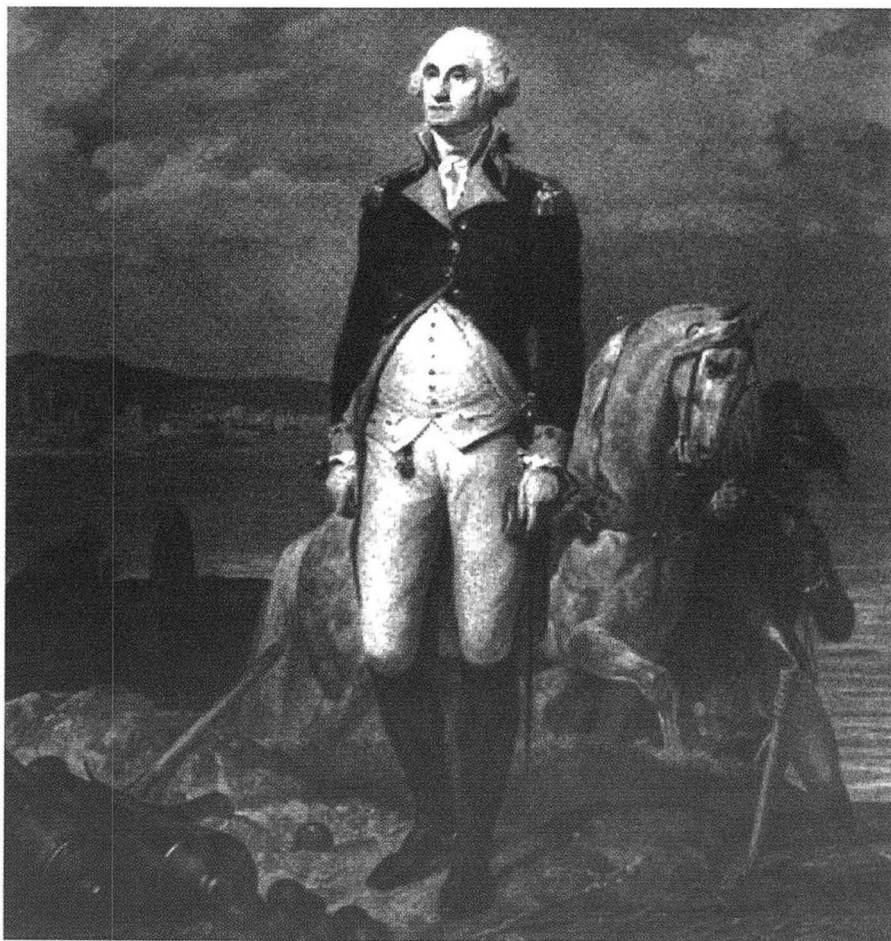
by Kevin R. Gutzman

A Review of:

Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington

By Richard Brookhiser

The Free Press, 1996, 215 pages, \$25.00 cloth



George Washington is, historian Richard Brookhiser points out, a distant figure. While his visage is familiar from dollar bills, quarters, and other common portraits, Americans today know little of him. The goal with which Brookhiser undertook to write a biography of the United States' first president was to show contemporary Americans exactly why Washington deserved to be, as he was in his own time, "first in war,

first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In the early modern West, educated men knew the classics. In literature, they had read Homer and Virgil, Horace, Euripides, and Aeschylus (though most men knew Latin far better than they did Greek). Although they also knew Livy, Polybius, and Herodotus, the models of historiography were moral tableaux such as those of Tacitus and

Thucydides and the biographical sketches of Plutarch.

Tacitus wrote the *Annals of Imperial Rome* partly on the basis of first-hand knowledge, partly by marshaling the court documents to which his high status gave him access. His chronicle of early imperial Rome showed a decadent society in which emperors indulged their tastes for sadism, bacchanalia, and ostentation with no moral qualms, sometimes even allowing women to make decisions of state. Everywhere there are vestiges of the Romans' former republican austerity, but proper Romans—the few people in his account against whom Tacitus does not level his acerbic criticism—are on the losing side. Tacitus has a moral message to impart, and it is a severe, republican one.

Thucydides' *The Peloponnesian War*, the other great classical narrative history, also has a moral to impart: democracy is mob rule. The sole reason Athens fell from preeminence to defeat was that her governing institutions were folly-ridden (i.e., democratic). Athens' apogee had been achieved under the rule of Pericles, which was effectively a dictatorship of the best man under democratic guise. Pericles had warned the Athenians that they must husband their strategic assets prudently, and he foretold that if they did so, they could never be defeated.

With Pericles' passing from the scene, Athens was not wise, though, and the fate her citizens had inflicted on the Melians in the wake of the famous dialogue soon befell their own ill-conceived Sicilian expedition. When the Syracusans had the Athenians at their mercy, they—as the Melians had warned—emulated Athens' treatment of the Melians. They

killed them all. The Athenians' public immorality, together with their tendency to entrust mercurial characters such as Alcibiades (instead of, say, Thucydides) with office, brought the end of Athens' golden era. Once again, the great historian's work was not gratuitous; he did not intend for his immortal book (whose immortality he foretold) to serve merely as pastime, but wanted it to impart lessons about proper social and political behavior and the proper form of political institutions.

Perhaps the most accessible of the great ancient historians is Plutarch. A Roman of Greek ancestry, he wrote several odds and ends, but his most famous work is his compendium of parallel lives of Greeks and Romans. Each pair of lives is designed to teach a lesson about a different moral attribute, but one can learn such lessons even by reading a single life. Plutarch is less concerned with what we would call "accuracy" of detail than with imparting his lessons, but his artistry as storyteller is staggering. Shakespeare found the grist for many different dramatic mills in the accounts of Plutarch.

In fact, the model of Plutarch had remained strong even in the interim between the ancient pagans and the modern renaissance of paganism. While Europe and the Mediterranean world, followed by northern and central Asia, were under Christian moral, intellectual, and religious ascendancy, lives of saints bearing obvious relationship to Plutarch's lives were read and/or heard (as they still are in Orthodox lands, particularly in the monasteries) by all. With the rebirth (Renaissance) of paganism, however, and the waning of Christian influence, lives of saints became less common. As a given land became more secular, so did study of the saints become rarer; thus, the American South knew little of saints' lives in its history, New England knew little of

them after the eighteenth century, and the Russian tradition of reading them nearly died out with the Red victory in the Russian Revolution.

American historians today are of two minds about such projects as imparting moral messages and brandishing exemplary figures. While they insist on anachronism in considering such issues as eighteenth-century slavery or the place of women in the Puritan New England polity, many of them say in the same breath that man's nature is not fixed. Apparently, the contradiction between these two positions never occurs to them.

George Washington suffers in Americans' estimation as a result of this combination of tendencies. He was, of course, a slaveholder, and on that basis—even though he freed several of his slaves during his life and all of them at his death—is judged harshly. On the other hand, some of his greatest achievements, including some that are truly startling, do not win him the esteem in our day that they rightly did in his.

Richard Brookhiser, a senior editor for *National Review*, laments the (relatively) low state of General Washington's reputation (and Washington was always called "the General," as the commander of the Revolutionary armies deserved more acclaim than some mere politician) and hopes to recall the reasons we should love him more. Brookhiser states explicitly that his model is Plutarch, and the marriage of subject and approach is a happy one indeed.

Who could be a better subject for a moral study than a man who rigorously adhered throughout his life to a set of principles he viewed as his "character?" His "character" was not simply a matter of abstaining from adultery and never stealing from the public (although of course he met that low standard); rather, in the fashion of a man of his time,

Washington strove throughout his life to hold himself to a set of standards he had first seen very early in his life, written down, and used as the measure of proper conduct ever after. Brookhiser uses them as organizing principles of his biography.

Plutarch had not been concerned, as today's historians unfortunately often are, with the minutia of his subjects' lives. Brookhiser, too, refrains from telling his audience where the General spent each night of his life, what he ate each day, when he bought a horse, a carriage, or a flower pot, or anything else that does not further the goal of showing what it was Washington did that is worthy of emulation.

On the other hand, Brookhiser's is not filiopietism. An account of a man's moral life is not the same as the papering-over of all his foibles. Rather, it is the consideration of the challenges he faced and the way he met them.

Take, for example, Washington's temper. He thought it was a particularly bad one. Alexander Hamilton, in a famous episode Brookhiser includes in his narrative, vouched for that temper's severity. General Charles Lee saw his hopes for his career dashed by it. Yet, Washington was famous for the restraint he exercised upon himself. Brookhiser's point, then, is not that his hero did no wrong, but that he strove to control himself and, as one measure of the goodness of his life, that he nearly always succeeded.

Brookhiser's approach is not merely to consider various of Washington's character traits and to discuss the ways in which they manifested themselves. On the contrary, much of his book is devoted to consideration of the distinct stages of Washington's unparalleled career. As he points out, never in American history has any other figure been undisputedly the most important man in the country for the entirety of a 24-



year period, and Washington's use of his preeminence receives the attention it merits.

Washington was a skilled, though not an ingenious, military leader. Like Hannibal's opponent Fabius, he recognized that the way to win the war was to avoid offering a decisive battle, and he did so with success. His greatness in the office of commander of the Revolutionary forces, though, was cemented in the leaving it. Washington's resignation of his command was a truly magnificent act, one with no example since the (mythical?) Roman, Cincinnatus, had done the same thing more than two millennia before. In a world of monarchs, Washington was suddenly the outstanding man alive.

Today, of course, Americans at large expect their politicians and generals to feign a lack of interest in fame even as they seek office. In Washington's time, though, one was expected to seek the former while showing lack of interest in the latter. The General did this exceedingly well. In fact, he was constantly worried about the view others would have of his "character." Brookhiser points out, for example, that Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and others had a horribly hard time

persuading the chief Revolutionary to attend the Philadelphia Convention of 1787—to do so might, the Master of Mount Vernon worried, be seen as exposing the insincerity of his renunciation of public ambition at the time he had resigned his command of the Continental Army. Washington's time was a far cry from our own, when men offer themselves as candidates for president in the full knowledge that one result will be the besmirching of what had been unsullied (perhaps undeservedly unsullied, but still unsullied) public reputations. Priorities, somewhere along the way, have been reversed.

This brings us to the marvel of George Washington. As Brookhiser puts it, those who discount the "great man" view of history in the General's case overlook the fact that at any point in that 24-year span, he could just have stayed home. He was the great man of the American Revolution from the minute of his resignation in 1783 (indeed, before that), and any further activity on the public stage could only hurt his reputation. Why did he go to Philadelphia then? Why did he agree to serve as president (which, it seems, he sincerely

wanted to avoid doing)? Why did he agree to serve a second term?

Quite simply, Washington offered himself to his nation and its posterity (his posterity - the "Father of his country" had no physical posterity, only the civic posterity of his countrymen) because he thought he was needed. He risked all because he saw that only he could establish the United States on a firm, republican footing. His last great act, the leaving office, made him the great man in American history to the present day. It is only because of George Washington that we can take the peaceful transfer of the chief magistrate's authority for granted; the thoroughness of his achievement is attested by our failure to appreciate it. Leaving office was in keeping with a lifetime of cultivating a republican character, of self-consciously making himself into the great man he was. The American Revolution had a Washington, not a Napoleon, and it was an act of will that made Washington Washington. Bravo! Brookhiser. Bravo! to the Father of his country. ☆

Kevin Gutzman is our new "go-to" for book reviews and a graduate student in History at the University of Virginia.

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

TRIVIA

"In the introduction to *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, I wrote, 'This volume does not begin to exhaust the rich lode of Civil War material available.' The same is true of the present volume. Hopefully, though, *Civil War Trivia* will prove to be an enjoyable challenge to every student of this most unusual of wars, the ramifications of which continue to our own time."

—Webb Garrison in the introduction to *Civil War Trivia*

1. Whose name is attached to a December 1860 proposal for six U.S. constitutional amendments regarding slavery, to seek sectional compromise to avoid war?

2. What Scottish native reared in Alabama was enlisted in the Confederate army's medical department as a hospital matron?

3. What U.S. vice president framed the "nullification" doctrine that encouraged secessionists?

4. Who was vice president of the Confederacy?

5. In 1863, what duly elected governor was prevented from being inaugurated because his state capital was occupied by Union troops?

6. Who ordered the largest mass execution in American history, the hanging of thirty-eight Sioux Indians on December 26, 1862?

7. What "photographer of the Confederacy" made a series of rare daguerreotypes showing the ironclads in action?

8. What civilian who ran one of the South's most successful hospitals was the only woman given a commission in the Confederate army?

9. Who is believed to have originated Lincoln's nickname, "the Original Gorilla?"

10. Respectable women attached to the army to perform various camp and nursing duties were known by what term?

ANSWERS

1. U.S. Sen. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, proposer of the Crittenden Compromise.

2. Kate Cumming

3. John C. Calhoun (b. South Carolina)

4. Alexander Hamilton Stephens (b. Georgia)

5. Robert L. Caruthers of Tennessee

6. Abraham Lincoln

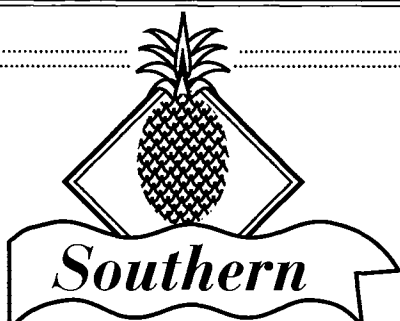
7. George S. Cook (b. Connecticut)

8. Sally Tompkins (b. Virginia)

9. U.S. secretary of war Edwin M. Stanton

10. Vivandières

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKendree College, he has written forty books, including *A Treasury of White House Tales*, *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, and *A Treasury of Christmas Stories*. *Civil War Trivia and Fact Book*, copyright 1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee.



Southern SAMPLER

—Compiled by William F. Freehoff

ON SLAVERY

"...In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country."

—Robert E. Lee, 1836

ON THE SOUTHERN PLANTER

"The Southern Planter...his code demanded courtesy,

deference to women, hospitality to strangers, defense of his honor, consideration for social inferiors."

—Rollin G. Osterweise

ON POWER

"...power ought to have such checks and limitations as to prevent bad men from abusing it. It ought to be granted on a supposition that men will be bad; for it may be eventually so."

—William Grayson of Virginia, 1788

ON LOYALTY

"Whatever General Lee says is all right. I don't care what it is."

—Gen. Henry A. Wise, CSA

ON RELIGION

"Without religion the contract social is simply a rope of sand."

—W.C. Brann

Britain Looks South

by Oran P. Smith



Rob Roy MacGregor's grave, Balquidder.

Note: The following is a report filed by our editor upon his return from a two week stay in England and Scotland. —RMQ

Our old friend Sheldon Vanauken always said that if Britain thought it needed to take a side in the Great Struggle, the South would have gotten an enthusiastic royal nod. Vanauken argued his point in his classic *The Glittering Illusion*, and we have fantasized about English aid from time to time as well (*Southern Partisan*, Fall 1984). Recent historical studies confirm what we have said for a decade and a half: namely, that the British people (particularly those running the country in the 1860s) wanted the South to win because they felt the South to be more British than the North.

Pop culture has lent credence to the cultural similarities as well. After all, hardly anyone flinched when Brits played both *Scarlet*

and *Ashley* in *GWTW*.

But is there still a British-Southern connection? To answer that question definitively would require a longer, more careful study than my fortnight whirlwind tour afforded, but I can tell you after spending two weeks in England and Scotland that there is much common ground between the descendants of those who built the *Alabama* and those who sailed her.

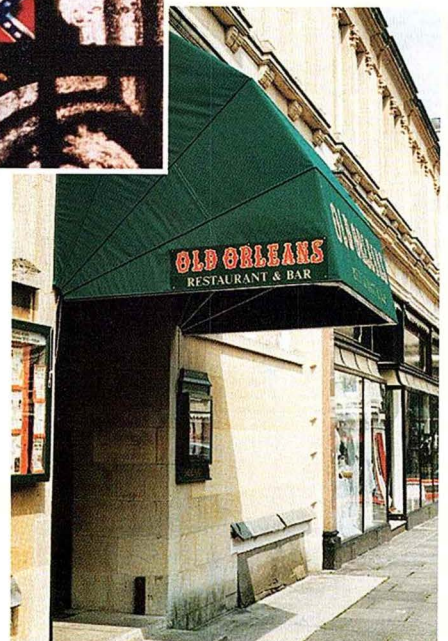
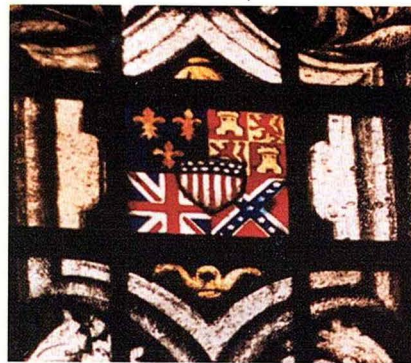
The connection between the South and Scotland is almost intuitive, especially in the wake of *Rob Roy* and *Braveheart*. I had the joy of visiting the monument to Sir William Wallace in Stirling and the grave of MacGregor in the tiny Trossach village of Balquidder. The feel is much the same as that of visiting Confederate monuments and graves, with a strong sense that the "losers" were in fact the winners. Noticing a battleflag on the cap of a young man leaving the Wallace monument and the broad smile that accompanied his completed pilgrimage, I knew I had found a shrine for not one, but two nations within nations.

All the similarities were not carved in stone, however. Some were more cultural. In the Hertz office in Scotland I stood in a long line of Brits waiting to pick up

their Fords. Much to the chagrin of all, the gentleman first in line behaved most discourteously, speaking to the clerk in an accent Lewis Grizzard would have associated with Bermuda shorts, long black socks, and Akron, Ohio. As soon as the plate glass door closed behind the man, I blurted out what I had been thinking all during his tirade: "Had to be from the North." I assumed this bit of Southern-American frustration would be lost on the foreign throng, but in less time than it takes to say God Save the Queen!

a slightly disgusted British voice shot back "Boston."

England, too, had a familiar aura. Like a selec-



Confederate Battle Flag, London (L) and Old Orleans Restaurant, Bath (R).

All photos: Kristin Smith



William Wallace Monument, Stirling.

tive time warp, it had all the trappings of America without much of the hype. The selling in television commercials was understated. There were no billboards on the "motorways." Even popular sport attracted rabid fan support without overbearing commercialism. In general, materialism was less pronounced. The Agrarians would be encouraged. (The South could learn a bit from British architecture as well. Would that we could let a building stand for even 50 years. Three hundred year-old structures are common there.) Britain is commercialized, of course. It is a nation of shopkeepers and merchants of all types. But they have this way of getting your money while making you feel good about it!

Some Britons even merchandize the American South. Two of the most popular restaurants I

visited, *Old Orleans* and *The Texas Embassy*, had Southern themes. *Old Orleans*, in Edinburgh, welcomes you with a large sign that screams "Welcome to the Home of Southern Hospitality." It has a New Orleans jazz theme and a Confederate Battle Flag on its dessert menu. (Imagine the reaction of the Babbitt Chamber of Commerce to that *faux pas*).

The Texas Embassy is even more Southern, piping in Reba McEntire and serving the best Tex-Mex outside of San Antonio. Near Piccadilly Circus, the restaurant is actually on embassy row. According to the informa-

tive menu-brochure, Texas had a London embassy during its days as an independent country and had exacted a pledge from the Queen to back eternal self governance for Texas, with military force if necessary. That was until the USA butted in. According to Texas Embassy

London, Texas would be independent today if the UK (and not the US) had had its way.

Perhaps the most puzzling Southern connection I discovered in my 14-day trip was in none other than St. Paul's Cathedral. St. Paul's is of course the cav-

ernous London church designed by Sir Christopher Wren containing the graves of Lord Nelson, Wellington, and numerous other heroes of the empire. One of the

newer additions to the cathedral is the American Armed Forces Chapel. The Chapel is a memorial to Americans who gave their lives defending Britain in the Second World War. Huge stained-glass windows, each pane representing one of the fifty American states dominate the quire directly behind the high altar.

As the photo shows, one pane contains a unique working together of the British Union Jack, a Scottish Rampant Lion, an American Shield, and the Southern Cross. The very sight hit me like the light on the Damascus road. There in the shrine to national war heroes of Britain, we Southern-Americans, as humble guests, honor our heroes in a way

we are forbidden to do in our own land. Perhaps in some way St. Paul's is fulfilling the wish of Sir Henry Houghton, the British subject

who thought Ryan's Conquered Banner too defeatist. Houghton had this message for the South:

*Gallant nation, foiled by numbers!
Say not that your hopes are fled:
Keep that glorious flag which
slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead...
Furl that banner sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy;
Till that day—yes, furl it sadly;
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner! Keep it still!*

And so we shall, with help from our British colleagues. For after all, before he was our Ashley Wilkes, Leslie Howard was their Scarlet Pimpernel.

Old memories never die in England. And it is the blessing of memory that we must pass along to our children as well. ☆



Texas Embassy Cantina, London.

Oran P. Smith is Editor of Southern Partisan.

The Answers and The Question

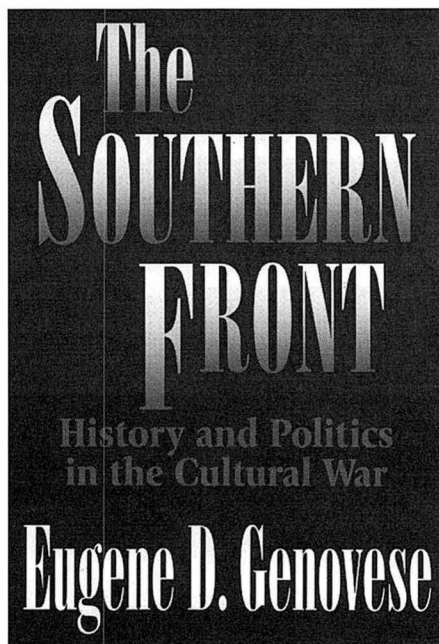
by William J. Watkins, Jr.

A Review of:

The Southern Front: History and Politics in the Cultural War,

by Eugene D. Genovese

Missouri, 1995, 320 pages, \$29.95.



The contributions of the Old South to American civilization are often ignored. According to the conventional wisdom, no society dominated by slaveholders could possibly enrich the national culture. Most modern historians have found it easier to vilify than seriously study Southern culture.

Only in light of this current intellectual climate can one appreciate the work of Eugene D. Genovese. Genovese's scholarship, along with that of Mel Bradford and a handful of others, has helped fill an enormous void in the field of Southern history. While colleagues were busy pontificating about the bankruptcy of Southern culture, Genovese was

testing the Marxist theories he held concerning the ruling classes of society. Though it was quite unlikely for a former card-carrying Communist who supported the international movement and the Soviet Union "until there was nothing left to support" to become one of the foremost champions of Southern culture, Genovese has done just that.

His latest book *The Southern Front: History and Politics in the Cultural War* gives the reader a taste of his best work. The book contains numerous essays on Southern historical figures like pro-slavery Presbyterian minister James Henly Thornwell as well as reflections on some of the modern world's most divisive questions.

Genovese explodes nostrums of both the Left and Right as he unabashedly draws on the thought of the Old South. For instance, while the majority on the left criticize the market and seek to remedy its perceived iniquities through centralization, and most on the Right defend the market for its democratic nature (consumer sovereignty), Genovese takes a harder and longer look at the controversy. He reaches back to Southern objections to modern industrial capitalism and points out how "Southerners objected not to the market economy, but to the transformation of that economy into the *essence of society itself* (*italics added*). It is this transformation that has led to the

selfishness found in modern society—not the market itself. Of contemporary polemicists, Genovese is one of the few to realize this.

Economics aside, Genovese offers a Southern prescription for many of the ills that plague American society: Autonomous localities "that are strong enough to prevail politically." The Southern adherence to states' rights was not mere political dogma, according to Genovese, but a means to protect the sanctity of community that still makes sense today. He correctly realizes that only within a framework that recognizes the right of corporate bodies to make their own laws can freedom survive.

The final chapter of the book entitled "The Question" addresses Genovese's and his fellow travelers' complicity in the crimes of the Soviet Union and other such regimes and revolutionaries. Though many on the Left have refused to admit complicity, Genovese manfully does and attributes the atrocities to the "inability to replace the moral and ethical baseline long provided by the religion we have dismissed with indifference, not to say contempt."

In an age when everyone is a victim, Genovese's honesty about his guilt is refreshing. And honest is the main quality found in the essays of *The Southern Front*. Intellectuals on both sides of the spectrum will disagree with Genovese for a variety of reasons. Never does he aim to please either side. His is dedication to true scholarship that is not often seen in this day and age. ☆

William J. Watkins, Jr. is an editor with The Freeman magazine.



—Photo by Lyn Hutchinson (1985)

Last of the Agrarians, Andrew Lytle (1902-1995) did much to make the Sewanee Review "one of the nation's leading and most innovative literary quarterlies."

—N.Y. Times

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ANNOUNCING THE REPUBLICATION OF **The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War** **1861-1865**

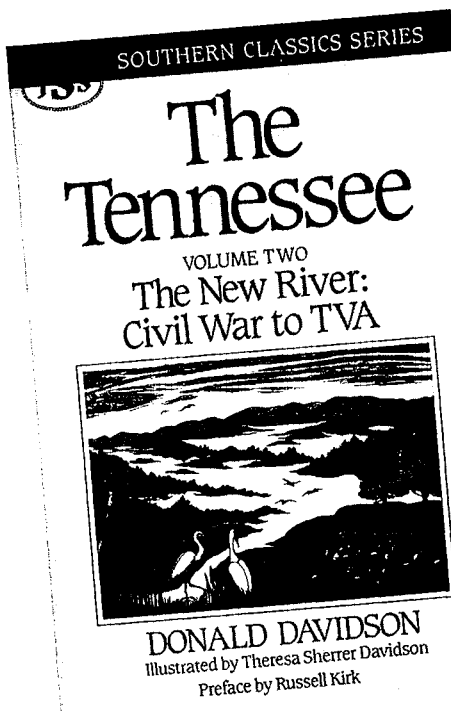
Originally published in 1895 as a Southern answer to the many histories being turned out by an exuberant Northern press, *The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War* was meant to present the Confederate side of the great conflict of 1861-65 to future generations. This long lost volume contains many gems of currently unavailable information about the Confederate States. This book is a huge 11" x 17" and contains almost 500 pages of history. The *Confederate Soldier in the Civil War* contains the following sections:

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- *Campaigns, Battles, Sieges, Charges, and Skirmishes as reported by Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Hood, Longstreet, Jackson, Polk, Taylor, Stuart, Pickett, and many others.*
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These two classics although published a good 30 years apart from each other, have much in common. The action centers around Middle Tennessee, a region Richard Weaver declared was the most authentic region in Dixie; the authors were the two most unreconstructed of the like-minded gentlemen who contributed to the famous Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*. Both Donald Davidson and Andrew Lytle have paid a price for their intransigence. When volume II of *The Tennessee* was published in 1948, critics in the North were sympathetic, but the review in the Tennessee papers gave their favorite son the short shrift. "Volume II has been favorably received outside the South, but nearly all the Nashville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Memphis reviews have sneered at my 'prejudices' and done their best to injure me," Davidson wrote Allen Tate. "They hate me because in

Before the Flood

by Joseph Scotchie

Reviews of:

The Tennessee, Volumes one and two by Donald Davidson and *A Wake For The Living*, by Andrew Lytle.

Both published by J. S. Sanders Company, Nashville, Tennessee

Vol. II, I do something they can't endure—i.e., tell the plain, true story of Civil War, Reconstructions, later agitations and (the) TVA."

Whenever critics make lofty pronouncements about "our greatest living writer" they invariably name Saul Bellow, John Updike or Norman Mailer, but only outside a few literary circles in the South, never Lytle despite his unprecedented achievement of producing first-rate literature over an amazing 60 year period.

One book is history by the poet; the other, history by the novelist. *The Tennessee* is a history of a region, while *A Wake For The Living* is a family memoir. Both books have a similar theme: Namely, the rise and fall of the old republic, its transformation from a frontier nation settled by freedom-loving yeoman farmers to an industrial superstate where the common man has lost both his economic freedom and cultural identity.

Lytle, Tate, John Crowe Ransom, among others would readily admit that Davidson was the most Southern of all the Agrarians; it's no exaggeration to say he felt Southern history even more keenly than his like-minded fellow poets and essayists. And so, Davidson gives a history of Tennessee that is comprehensive and

entertaining: The settling of the frontier by the British; the rich cultural heritage of the Anglo-Saxon, the Scotch-Irish, the Indians and the Negro all struggling to peacefully share the same strip of land. As to be expected, both books take a bitter view of the Civil War; Lytle a bit more so than Davidson. However, the great tragedy to befall the Middle South was the rise of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Up until the 1930s, an agrarian culture still held sway in the Middle South. Much of the region had yet to enter the 20th (or 19th) century. The total warfare of World War I, the fall of Christendom and the rise of fascism, communism and other secular ideologies in Europe already made the new century look mighty unattractive to Lytle, Davidson and their fugitive Vanderbilt colleagues. Perhaps the South should remain as "backward" as its critics claimed it was. After the Civil War, Tennessee had managed to climb back on its feet; carpetbag regimes were overthrown, a common-sense public education system uplifted the poorer members of both races; as with other Southern states, Tennessee regained a strong degree of self-government.

But as it turned out, reconstruction never ended. Or as Lytle has put it, reconstruction only reached its "satanic" phase. And

so came the dams constructed by the TVA. At first, the locals were happy. Home electricity, for one, was coming to the region. No longer would the South be the nation's "economic problem number one" (as New Dealers like to term it.) But the TVA turned out to be more than anyone bargained for. Even local politicians, for the most part loyal to the Roosevelt Administration, came to fight this new bureaucracy. It didn't matter. The TVA became a law unto itself. There was plenty of money to be made from drowning thousands of acres of farmland under water and building more TVA reservoirs. Young people, for the most part accepted TVA directives. For older folks, it was a different story. "They were genuinely reluctant to let [the Feds] take the acres where they had spent their lives," Davidson wrote. "They could not bear to think of living elsewhere. For many of these, death was hastened by the removal." In the end, TVA was about social engineering; it was about controlling a river and also about controlling an entire people, who after the Scopes Monkey Trial and the Scottsboro case, were seen as ignorant, bigoted, backward, moronic, degenerate caricatures of humanity."



Southern apologist Richard Weaver called Middle Tennessee "the most authentic region in Dixie."

Unlike other Agrarians, Davidson, spent his entire career at Vanderbilt. As academia climbed aboard the New Deal express, Davidson felt more and more like an anachronism, a lonely defender of a now discredited regime. As such, Davidson became even more defiant in the 1940s and 50s. The second volume of *The Tennessee* becomes a spirited defense of the yeoman farmer under an unrelenting attack from the mighty forces of science, technology and the managerial state. It's a virtuoso performance. Davidson's world view was shared by Lytle. The novelist's family owned a plantation, Cornsilk, in North Alabama, a place which gave the young Lytle the happiest memories of his entire life. Lytle never forgave the Roosevelt Administration for burying Cornsilk under a man-made lake to serve more TVA purposes. In general he despised the New Deal's agricultural policy, calling edicts that forced farmers to plow under crops because they didn't fit the stock market, "the most wicked thing I ever heard of." New Dealers wanted the people in Tennessee to give up the plow and toil for the TVA. And lose that funny accent, too.

Neither man is sentimental about the past. Human nature was no different in the old days. The pages in both books are filled with descriptions of war, murder, rapine and numerous petty acts of savagery. Davidson, for instance, is quite objective about the conflicts that came from the meeting of the English settler and the Indian tribes. He recounts Indian brutalities; at the same time, he does not whitewash Andrew Jackson's forced removal of Indian tribes from much of Appalachia.

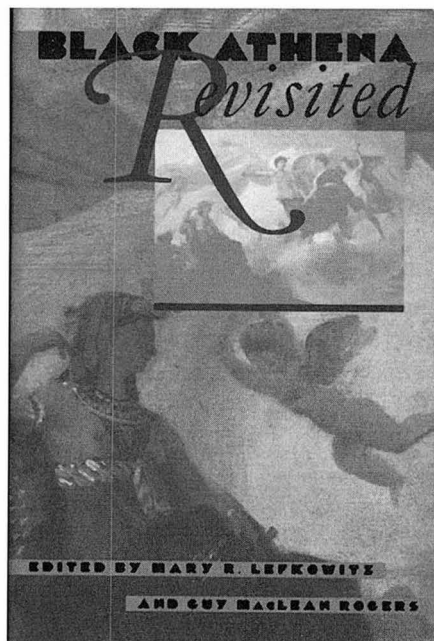
In the end, though, both volumes are homages to the frontier spirit of the Old South and the young republic. Here are vivid portraits of men and women staking out the territory in Tennessee and Alabama, building homes,

farms, schools and churches without the help of the same leviathan state that would later build the TVA. Life in Tennessee was the perfect marriage of a libertarian and traditionalist philosophy that modern-day conservatives have long dreamed of merging together. Prosperity came without any state interference, but the customs, manners and codes of conduct were ancient ones; Christendom and "the republic of families"—to use Lytle's term—had survived well into the 20th century. Once the land was settled and an independent nation established, people were secure in their town, village and family. These farmers were not dependent on a cash crop, either. They incurred no debts and produced all the goods they needed. This is why, Lytle maintains, "money lenders and bankers in the Northeast" wanted the Old South destroyed. Here were people independent of both a potential welfare state and a mortgage payment. Consider Davidson's unforgettable description of a typical Tennessee farm family before the war came.

"The home was a school. Farm and cabin households, though bookless save for the Family Bible and *The Sacred Harp*, taught the girls to spin, weave, quilt, cook, sew, and mind their manners; the boys to wield gun, ax, hammer and saw, to ride, plow, sow and reap, an to be men . . . (the) capacious folk memory supplied an infinite store of tales and songs. . . Nobody need ever be bored. Amusement did not have to be bought. In all that enriched the immediate experience of life itself, the Tennessee country was amply provided. It did not have to hire a schoolmaster or schoolma'am to tell it or its children what to think or how to live." ☆

Joe Scotchie, currently exiled in the North, is a regular contributor to Southern Partisan.

BOOK NOTES



Black Athena Revisited

Edited by Mary Lefkowitz and Guy Maclean Rogers
North Carolina, 1996, 522 pages,
\$19.95.

In *Not Out of Africa*, reviewed in the First Quarter 1996 *Southern Partisan*, Mary Lefkowitz dealt with the problem of politically correct style Afro-centrism in the classics. As Professor Lefkowitz showed, beyond any doubt, claims made by the Afro-Centrist Black Studies practitioners regarding "black" origins of Greek civilization contain few solid proofs.

But departments of Black Studies are not the only source of Afro-centrist notions regarding the origins of European civilization. Martin Bernal, professor of Chinese at Cornell University, published in 1987 the first volume of a projected four volume work entitled *Black Athena: The Afro-Asiatic Roots of Classical Civilization* (The second volume ap-

peared in 1991). Briefly stated, Bernal's thesis is that, due to racism and anti-Semitism, ancient historians and classicists have deliberately lied about the importance of contributions made to Greek culture by the Phoenicians and Egyptians.

Black Athena Revisited (hereafter referred to as *BAR*) consists of 20 essays written by classicists, historians, linguists, anthropologists, and Egyptologists which deal with various aspects of Bernal's thesis. The essays in *BAR* thoroughly and effectively deal with Bernal's competence (or rather the lack thereof). For, as these writers show, Bernal knows not whereof he speaks. True, Bernal can read the hieroglyphics (the writing system of ancient Egypt) and has provided some very revealing information about 19th century scholars who were racist and anti-Semitic, but in other very important areas of evidence on the contacts between Egypt, Greece, and Phoenicia, he shows himself to be pathetically incompetent.

One example will make the point. Bernal claims that the Greek language borrowed "thousands" of words from the Phoenician and Egyptian languages. But, as Jay Jasanoff and Alan Nussbaum point out in their essay "Word Games: The Linguistic Evidence in *Black Athena*," Bernal's etymologies of these words show no evidence of any understanding of Comparative Linguistics, a discipline which is absolutely necessary for the determination of correct conclusions in this area of study. The other essays in *BAR* are equally thorough in exposing Bernal's amateurism.

Two more volumes of *Black Athena* are slated to appear; no

one knows when. This fine collection of essays on the first two volumes ought to make Bernal think twice before he sends his next two installments out into the world so that he won't be exposed again for the dunderhead that he is. But then maybe it isn't necessary to drive that point home. As Dave Horowitz and Peter Collier have informed us in *The Heterodoxy Handbook*, Bernal has also published *Green Athena: How Ancient Greece Stole Botanical Symbolism from Nubia*.

—Charles Scott Hamel

The South and the New Deal

By Roger Biles

Kentucky, 1994, 198 pages,
\$23.00.

In his classic *Old South, New South*, Stanford historian Gavin Wright concluded that the reason for the South's economic backwardness in the last third of the nineteenth century and the first third of the twentieth was the isolation of the Southern labor market. It was only with the forced integration of the South into the national labor market that resulted from the implementation of President Franklin Roosevelt's socialist economic programs—programs enacting every plank of the Socialist Party's 1928 platform—that Southern labor isolation ended. With labor no longer far cheaper in the South than in the rest of the nation, many Southern blacks emigrated to other regions of the country in search of work, and industrialization came to the South. Thus, the pivotal chapter of his economic history of the post-1865 South concerns the New Deal.

Professor Roger Biles' account in *The South and the New Deal*

takes a different tack: while Wright describes economic events, Biles' concern is with the shape of the New Deal programs and the theory motivating them. His descriptions are workmanlike, and his conclusions are highly sympathetic to Roosevelt and Company.

The first chapter of the book is entitled "On the Eve of Depression," and Biles' epigram is, "Fundamentalism, Ku Kluxery, revivals, lynchings, hog wallow politics—these are the things that always occur to a northerner when he thinks of the south." [sic] I quote it here in full because it captures the attitude Biles, who is a professor at the Oklahoma State University, brings to his subject. When the South is unlike the rest of the nation, it is the South that is inferior; if Southerners disagree with Yankees, it must be the Southerners who are wrong.

This attitude is especially evident in regard to the various socialist facets of the New Deal program. Whether the issue in question be local hand-outs to the unemployed or illegitimate, unionization of the work force, or support for the New Deal, it is immaterial to Biles whether the policy at issue is economic nonsense: it's the thought that counts.

At times, Biles' indirect attempts to defend the New Deal are humorous; for example, he says of the Resettlement Administration that its "collectivization . . . seemed comparable to Soviet farming schemes." The implication of "seemed comparable," of course, is that it wasn't *really* comparable, don't you see? While sweeping aside the obvious European parallels to Roosevelt's program, Biles often equates stated purposes of New Deal economic policies with success. This rhetorical tactic will be familiar to anyone who has paid attention to recent discussions of proposed "Civil Rights," "Education," and "Environmental Protection" legis-

lation.

If you have an interest in studying the outline of the major legislation of the New Deal and the South's political response to it, this volume will satisfy you. Biles certainly does know his material. However, to say that the New Deal program for the South succeeded because it inadvertently drove black Southerners off the land and into Northern ghettos—which is another way of describing the phenomenon central to Prof. Wright's book—is faint praise, indeed.

—Kevin R. Gutzman

Republics Ancient & Modern: Classical Republicanism and the American Revolution

By Paul A. Rahe

North Carolina, 1992, 1129 pages, \$49.95 cloth.

One of the major events in the historical profession over the past generation was the debate between advocates of the "republican synthesis" and its opponents. Professor Paul A. Rahe of the University of Tulsa weighs in, with *Republics Ancient & Modern*, decisively on the side of the "republicans"—but with a twist.

Rahe's study is divided into three distinct sections (in fact, the paperback version is a three-volume set), each of which stands on its own. Far and away the best of those sections is the first, in which Rahe describes the ancient *politeia*, or social and political constitution, of Sparta. Interestingly, and probably accurately, he assumes that it was the Lacedaemonians, and not the Athenians, whose society was typical of the Hellenes'.

The learning displayed in the section on Sparta is staggering. It would seem that Rahe has read and filtered virtually everything on the subject. His depiction of Sparta's warrior state, dominated by Spartiates and sustained by the work of the helots, is unfor-

gettable. Rahe takes his reader through the entirety of the upbringing and training of a Spartiate—a member of Sparta's warrior/citizen class—and shows how it was that Spartiates had the community's moral and religious views inculcated in them. While students of Greek history will know many of the details, those details may never have been assembled in quite so cohesive a faction.

The gravamen of Rahe's description is that for a Spartiate, the community was of central concern, and his reputation among his fellows was of special importance. As Rahe quotes Benjamin Constant, "The purpose of the ancients was the sharing of social power among all the citizens of the same fatherland." In this quotation lies the answer to the question how the Spartans, whose lives were consumed by public demands from a very early age, could consider themselves free.

The other two sections of the book are far less successful. That he has dedicated it in part to I.F. Stone, the Leftist journalist exposed by recently-released Soviet documents as a closet communist, shows that Rahe's agenda is presentist. His approach to the self-styled "Enlightenment" is perhaps overly simplistic: while it no doubt is true that the implications of the major neo-pagans' thought are anti-Christian, that they were an actual cabal is a little much. Suffice it to say that their program was a sustained attack on the most important legacy of St. Constantine—the union of Church and state. For them, then, the state should not concern itself with the character of its citizens or with their spiritual well-being at all; such questions were to be consigned to something known as the "private" sphere. In addition, the purely physical was more important in their scheme than was the spiritual. While material comforts

had a new primacy, the life devoted to St. Paul's insistence that man should "pray without ceasing," that of the monk, was associated in the thought of these men with ignorance, superstition, and prejudice (in a word, with Christianity).

The American Founders were children, in Rahe's account, of this school of thought. Obviously, like most schematic historians of the Straussian stripe, Rahe offers a highly simplified, if not ahistorical, account. While the reader may be persuaded that all Spartiates were indeed raised in the *agoge*, he may doubt that all the Founders had eschewed the vestigial Christianity ambient in their culture. He may believe, though, that their achievement was to resuscitate republicanism, but a republicanism after the "Enlightenment's" teaching: one unconcerned with its citizens' characters. Martial attributes, such as bravery, were no longer to be virtues, while money-grubbing, abstention from politics, and agnosticism—all offenses against the Spartan *politeia*—would no longer be vices.

The last third of Rahe's book, that on the American Founding, is simply wrong. Following the lead of Harry Jaffa, Rahe adopts Madison's post-1799 distortions of the "Principles of '98," wipes federalism (which the Spartans, as Constant said, called freedom) out of the constitution, and justifies Lincoln's war of conquest. The aim of government is "justice," he says in Lincoln's defense (and thereby justifies, apparently without realizing it, innumerable wars of conquest today—and much of bygone European imperialism). The French Revolution made war under the same banner.

Rahe's work does succeed in describing the original conception of republicanism, the sources of the concept's modern mutation, and the ways in which that reconceptualization affected the Ameri-

can Founding. If he oversimplifies the task of constitutional interpretation by assuming the regime is founded on concepts he conclusively shows Georgia and South Carolina never adopted, that is a common enough shortcoming. The context in which he does it, an attempt to bring his thesis forward to the present, is unrelated to his main line of argument. All-in-all, this is a major contribution to the study of republics, ancient and modern.

—KRG

**Richard Hurdis:
A Tale of Alabama**

By William Gilmore Simms (Edited by John Caldwell Guilds)
Arkansas, 1995, 395 pages,
\$30.00 cloth, \$18.00 paper.

When "The Late Unpleasantness" ended in 1865, Southern men of letters found themselves bereft of publishing opportunities and ignored in academia. While Crallé had a difficult time placing the works of John C. Calhoun, poets and novelists such as Timrod and Simms found it impossible to put their books into print.

New England and New York were not only the centers of the publishing industry, though, they were also the centers of post-secondary education. One result of the North's control of academia was that it controlled the creation of the American literary canon. James Fenimore Cooper and Herman Melville were "in," while W. Gilmore Simms was "out."

Many of Simms' books have been out of print since the end of the nineteenth century, and it seems to this reader that there is no basis in the works' merit for the way academia ignores him. His writings reflect the mind of his society in a powerful way, and so they deserve attention as historical artifacts as much as they do for their esthetic, formal, or moral merit.

In the antebellum period,

South Carolinians, and particularly Charlestonians, were beset by a feeling of claustrophobia joined to a feeling of abandonment. With the opening of new lands in the states of the Gulf South (the Old Southwest), many Carolinians were moving west in search of the "main chance." Mississippi and Alabama contained vast tracts of land of far higher quality than any but coastal Carolina lands, and even the great Carolina families—such as the Calhouns and the Hamptons—saw members move west. This led lovers of Charleston to reflect on what the Palmetto State's emigrants were leaving behind. It also undercut the political power of South Carolina just as its constitutional doctrines were bringing it into open conflict with the general government.

Richard Hurdis: A Tale of Alabama is based on a true story. It is bad form to tell the reader of a review precisely what a novel's plot is, but suffice to say that the story features cut-throats, gamblers, and vicious crime. None of this, of course, is typical of life in South Carolina, and so the didactic message of the novel is clear. Simms wants his readers to realize that the abandonment of South Carolina is not only impious, but imprudent.

Simms' technique was far ahead of his time, and it reminds this reviewer of the better efforts of such authors as Theodore Dreiser (with whom, of course, Simms has little philosophical affinity). He has Richard Hurdis tell the story himself, which provides ample opportunity for psychological portraiture. Simms' plot is well-paced, too. In fact, the only notable short-coming of the story is that the women are not nearly so human as the men; this owes much to the unwillingness of nineteenth-century novelists generally to explore moral issues through their female characters.

Simms' prominent role in

South Carolina intellectual life, strangely, has received extensive attention in recent years, even though new editions of his major works were unavailable. Prof. John Caldwell Guilds and the University of Arkansas Press are thus to be commended, even thanked, for the series of which this volume is a part. All that remains is for professors to assign these books to their students—and, of course, for the general public to buy them.

—KRG

The Age of Federalism: The Early American Republic, 1788-1800

By Stanley Elkins & Eric McKittrick

Oxford, 1993, 909 pages, \$39.95 cloth.

The period between 1788 and 1800 saw the establishment of the current American republic on the foundation laid at Philadelphia and the erection of the superstructure of the political house in which Americans have lived ever since. In the Administrations of Presidents George Washington and John Adams, decisions regarding constitutional structure and precedents about political behavior were made that effectively have proven irrevocable. For example, the inferior federal courts were established (as they need not have been), the president was conceded authority to remove his appointees without the Senate's consent (as he need not have been), and the Senate's power to advise presidents regarding treaties (though not the requirement that it consent to them) fell into permanent desuetude.

Stanley Elkins and Eric McKittrick, two extremely distinguished historians who have worked together for over three decades, published their *magnum opus*, which is entitled *The Age of Federalism*, in hardback in 1993, and they were awarded the

Pulitzer Prize in History in response. The book is lengthy, but—as readers of their other works will know—the writing is very engaging. Although I have my interpretive quibbles with it here and there, it is simply a great book.

The subject Elkins and McKittrick have chosen has been the subject of some of the outstanding American historiography of the past generation. The rise of organized political groups in the 1790s, for example, has drawn much attention; how could it be that people who, as *The Federalist Papers* show, opposed parties started political parties almost as soon as they had written those papers and started that government? How could it be that James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, who had been close allies for years in the agitation for the strengthening of the general government, became vicious foes when elevated to the heights of legislative and executive power? How could one group see the other as a band of conniving, Anglophile monarchists, while the latter group saw the former as Frenchified atheists and anarchists—just five years after they had won the Revolution together? These are some of the major issues of the period in question here.

In short, Madison and Thomas Jefferson went into opposition to the Washington Administration soon after 1788, while Jefferson was still the secretary of state. Elkins and McKittrick use the latest learning regarding the Jeffersonian Republicans' political thought and the reasons it was they, and not the Federalists, who won in 1800 to good advantage. Along the way, they offer interesting portraits of a large number of American politicians of all persuasions and clear accounts of imbroglios such as the Genet Affair, the Jay Treaty debate, and the Quasi-War with France.

The outstanding intellectual among the Federalists who wrote and persuaded the people to ratify the United States Constitution was among the chief killers of Federalism. The followers of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton never won the presidency again after losing it in 1800 (at least, not under the name "Federalist"). They had the pleasure of seeing their self-proclaimed "Republican" successors sustain most of their policies even as they hooted down Federalism in the public's memory. That, however, is a story for a different book.

—KRG

The Intellectual Construction of America: Exceptionalism and Identity From 1492 to 1800

By Jack Greene

North Carolina, 1993, 209 pages, \$32.50 cloth.

Jack Greene is the outstanding historian of colonial British America in the world today. His scholarly output is simply prodigious, but the highlight may be *Peripheries and Center*, which is the one book anyone who would understand the Imperial Crisis that culminated in the American Revolution must read. *The Intellectual Construction of America* is up to his own high standard.

Greene's task is to describe the Europeans' changing conception of "America" across the entire colonial era. His sources are virtually all literary, and he has found a surprising variety of them. His achievement lies in showing the process by which American exceptionalism was elaborated over those three centuries in response to two factors: the bountiful resources available in the New World and the rude level of development of the first European societies there.

By the time the English came to America, European observers of the Spanish and Portuguese had

already come to think of America as a place for "conquering, exploiting, colonizing, and evangelizing." While the Spanish, in particular, were already the subjects of the "Black Legend," which held that they were inhumanly cruel to the natives, their aims in colonizing nearly the entire New World would soon be adopted—if only tacitly—by the English.

The image of the New World was one of abundant wealth awaiting the harvest, a sort of primordial garden inhabited by uncultured people awaiting European acculturation. Englishmen had little doubt that Protestantism, unlike Papism, lent itself to evangelism (instead of cruelty). The English would pursue "a gentle course." That is, so long as the Indians did not prove "desirous to expel us, and injuriously to offend us." [sic] In the name of civilizing the Indians, force might be necessary.

Initial attempts to replicate European society in America were disturbingly unsuccessful (as, indeed, they would continue to be for centuries). By 1700, the settlers' efforts had created only what Greene calls "the beginnings of a European-style rural landscape;" he adds that "a rough kind of socioeconomic and political order had everywhere become somewhat less tenuous." Europeans, with no experience of wilderness and unsettledness, were taken aback by the rudeness of American society.

Over the 75 years following 1700, an enormous application of human endeavor made the American colonies look ever more European. Still, Americans remained concerned that the proximity of wilderness itself had a corrosive effect on their society; the fact that many people took the opportunity to "Indianize"—to live among the Indians as Indians—underscored the seeming fragility of civilization. One response was the attempt by colonial elites

to mimic English ways, and to inculcate English behavior in children.

Still, America was viewed both here and in the Old World as the site of great opportunity for the landless and the failed of Europe. He who had industry but had inherited no land, the story went, could succeed in America. To a remarkable extent, this image was accurate. Many of the great colonial families had been prominent in England, it is true; many, though, had risen from obscurity. Not only was American society relatively fluid (which in this context, but only in this context, was a positive attribute), but American lands were richer and available for the taking. Artisans' labor, too, was in high demand. Americans were said from an early point to have "the civil Rights of Englishmen," and American laws were in some ways more lenient than those of the mother country.

The major drawbacks to life in America were downplayed vigorously, Greene assures us. Thus, for example, little attention was paid to the harshness of coastal Carolina's disease environment or to the tropical heat of coastal summers. The threat of animals unknown in Europe, such as rattlesnakes and alligators, was sloughed off. Perhaps most importantly, the military threat posed by nearby settlements of Spaniards and Frenchmen was ignored.

In short, much of what Englishmen learned about America in the four centuries after its settlement was told them by promoters of American settlement. Could one expect the Lords Proprietor of some North American colony to say, "Come to America! Catch scarlet fever! Meet hostile Indians! Work off your indenture!" Of course not. Effectively, writers on American themes were early-modern travel agents looking to gin up business, and they were

successful at doing so.

The Revolution set Americans on a new tack. No longer did they conceive of their land as a distant mirror of English society. No longer did they feel bound to find their identity in striving to live up to English norms. Now, the failure to do so became a virtue. If American society lacked sophistication, it had "republican simplicity." If it had no grandees, no one was oppressed. (Europeans—and some few Americans—noted the oppression of slaves, but few noted the growing distance between Americans and Indians.) Absence of great artists became a sign that American society was possessed of youthful vigor rather than decadence. America was the new Roman Republic, not the depraved Roman Empire. It was seen both in Europe and here as a unique place populated by a unique people, and its people were content with that.

Two features of the book that are worthy of special note are the appropriateness and the variety of its illustrations. Rare illustrations from all over Europe are employed to great effect, and the book is simply beautiful. This, then, is a stimulating, pleasant book from a master historian at the peak of his career.

—KRG

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

AMBROSE BIERCE: ALONE IN BAD COMPANY
ROY MORRIS, JR.
CROWN, 320 PAGES, 1996, \$30.00.

Ambrose Bierce had style. When his poisoned quill ran dry, he didn't draw the curtains the way Hemingway did—messily, and with a shotgun. Instead, a dapper figure, scrupulously clean, erect in his habitual military posture, moustachioed, his hair snow white, his eyes an icy, eerie, pale blue, he wandered into Pancho Villa's Mexico to "see if the Mexicans shoot straight," and simply disappeared.

Bierce, of course, had a few choice words for just about everyone and everything, as readers of *The Devil's Dictionary* know. One personal favorite, his definition of "KILL, v.t. To create a vacancy without nominating a successor."

Bierce certainly saw a lot of that. And it's remarkable that with the exception of Georgia poet Sidney Lanier, Bierce was the only true literary talent to bear arms in the holocaust of '61 to '65. As Roy Morris Jr. points out in his superb biography of Bierce, if old Ambrose can't stand tall as America's finest writer about warfare, he can certainly stand tall as the first.

It was Bierce's firm belief in hard work, honesty, and duty that gave him his platform from which to turn a rhetorical gatling gun on all cant and hypocrisy.

Bierce was not only a brave and courageous soldier, he was a remarkably honest man. As a Treasury agent recovering property in the Deep South in 1865 (a job scarcely less dangerous than soldiering) he was one of very few who didn't take the opportunity to enrich himself in a welter of

winked-at corruption. When he was offered back pay as a wounded veteran, he turned it down, remarking, "when I hired out as an assassin for my country, that wasn't part of the contract."

It was Bierce's honesty, combined with his militaristic sense of honor and duty, and his vilification of democracy and the common man—"It seems to me that the average man is very much a fool, and something of a rogue as well. He has only a smattering of education, knows virtually nothing of political history, nor history of any kind, is incapable of logical, that is to say clear, thinking, is subject to the suasion of base and silly prejudices, and selfish beyond belief.")—that made him such a fierce journalist, fiercer than any we have today.

Too often, his targets were unworthy—he even drove a few weak-kidneyed poets to suicide). But when he had a deserving opponent and kept the cannons of his sometimes too ornate prose from going off all at once, he could be as deadly as the Confederate guns at Mayre's Heights—or at Kennesaw Mountain, where Bierce had his own head creased by a Confederate Bullet.

Some say that the war, or the bullet that cracked his head "like walnut," made Bierce the morbid or "gruesome" (Mencken's word) writer he later became. Not so. Bierce was plenty morbid before, with all the loathsome, callow cynicism of youth. He might very well have grown into a bilious salesman or a cranky dentist. The war shoved his shoulders back and snapped him to attention. His commanding officer William Babcock Hazen—"aggres-

sive, arrogant, tyrannical, honorable, truthful, courageous, a skillful soldier, a faithful friend"—taught him what it meant to be a man. The war provided him with the subject for his best creative work. And in his twilight years, it was in the war that he found his life's meaning—as much meaning as an atheist could find—marching across the now quiet battlefields at Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, and Chickamauga.

Despite his success in war, his great fame as a writer that made him the feared literary arbiter of the West Coast, and his marriage to a society beauty, it was not an entirely happy life. He came to the melancholy conclusion he'd fought on the wrong side in the war—that the Confederacy had been right.

Bierce will be well remembered, and deserves to be. For connoisseurs of invective, the best of his journalism is unsurpassed. *The Devil's Dictionary* is a classic, an American Dunciad. His short stories of the war and the macabre will always be anthologized.

But it's more than Bierce's work that stands out. It's Bierce the man, "every inch a man's man, 'strong, virile, witty, and attractive, a famous humorist who never laughed and seldom smiled,' unless a smile of a kind peculiar to himself—sardonic, macabre, which would cause the onlooker to shiver slightly."

We shiver still, sometimes with horror, more often with sympathetic laughter, at the bitter, coruscating wit of an honest old devil. ☆

H.W. Crocker III is an editor at Eagle Publishing in Washington, D.C.

THE LAST WORD

by Samuel Francis

The Dole-Clinton Phony War On Crime

Despite Mr. Dole's constant thumping of the anti-crime tub recently, it's clear he doesn't have the foggiest notion of how a free society ought to deal with criminals. His proposals include such remedies of stale statism as building more prisons and putting more cops on the streets. Only vaguely does he betray a glimmer that it is the state itself that is largely responsible for the age of violence that Americans endure.

When it's not statism Mr. Dole is peddling, it's irrelevant eye-wash. He wants draconian punishments for child pornography and a new constitutional amendment to create fancy new rights for crime victims. Sensibly, Mr. Dole also favors ending parole for violent criminals, but not so sensibly he faults Mr. Clinton for failing to fulfill his promises to put 100,000 cops on the nation's streets. The Clintonites respond that they're working on it, and you can bet your kiddie porn they are.

What neither Mr. Dole nor Mr. Clinton appears to grasp is that the best remedy for crime the state can provide is swift and certain punishment. That's why ending parole for violent criminals is sensible, but it's also why curfews and ferocious talk about pornography and drugs does little to help.

The truth is that the state, through federal judges and the Supreme Court, has virtually paralyzed the ability of local communities to police themselves or administer punishment at all. This is true not only of infamous court-imposed restraints on the

police dating from the Earl Warren era but also of more recent court rulings that simply seize control of local jails and prisons.

In their recent book, *Judicial Dictatorship*, law professors William Quirk and Randall Bridwell point out that as of 1993 courts controlled "80 percent of all state prison systems and about 33 percent of the five hundred largest jails."

The Supreme Court, they write, routinely overrules the actions of the local police, boards of education, and the state laws under which they act. The beneficiaries of the Court's protections are criminals, atheists, homosexuals, flag burners, Indians, illegal entrants, including terrorists, convicts, the mentally ill and pornographers." It's an even bet who are the greater threats to society, the criminals whom judges emancipate or the judges who turn them loose.

The perpetual discovery of new "rights" and the hopes of defense lawyers of inducing judges to invent such rights for their clients contribute to the clogging of the courts, which contributes to plea bargaining and dropping charges, which contributes to letting known criminals return to the streets. The age of violence Mr. Dole is denouncing is thus in large part the creation of the state whose power he wants to enhance still further.

Unable or unwilling to enforce ordinary laws against ordinary criminals by ordinary means, the state then constructs extraordinary measures to handle the

"emergency" it has already created. Let's saturate society with cops, let's build more prisons, let's declare war on drugs, let's enact curfews against teen-agers, let's pass more "counter-terrorism" laws and more gun control, let's give more federal aid to local law enforcement. Let's do everything we can imagine to limit liberty, destroy local government and build up the federal leviathan, but under no circumstances let us do anything to let local communities enforce their own laws and punish their own criminals swiftly and surely.

The week after Mr. Dole and Mr. Clinton palavered about their bright new plans for yet another war on crime, the Supreme Court heard the case of Ellis Wayne Felker, convicted in 1983 for the kidnapping, rape and murder of a 19-year-old girl. Sentenced to death, Felker, through artful legal hop-scotch through the courts, has kept Old Sparky's hot seat cold for 13 years, and now he's challenging a new congressional law that limits federal appeals from death row convicts.

What good does it do to put more police on the streets if the killers they bust are let loose by the courts? What good does it do to build prisons if the courts seize control of the prisons and order the states to release criminals because of overcrowding? Until Mr. Dole and Mr. Clinton are bold enough to strike at the judicial heart of the age of violence, their nifty plans for giving more power to the state will protect no one and will benefit only the state itself. ☆

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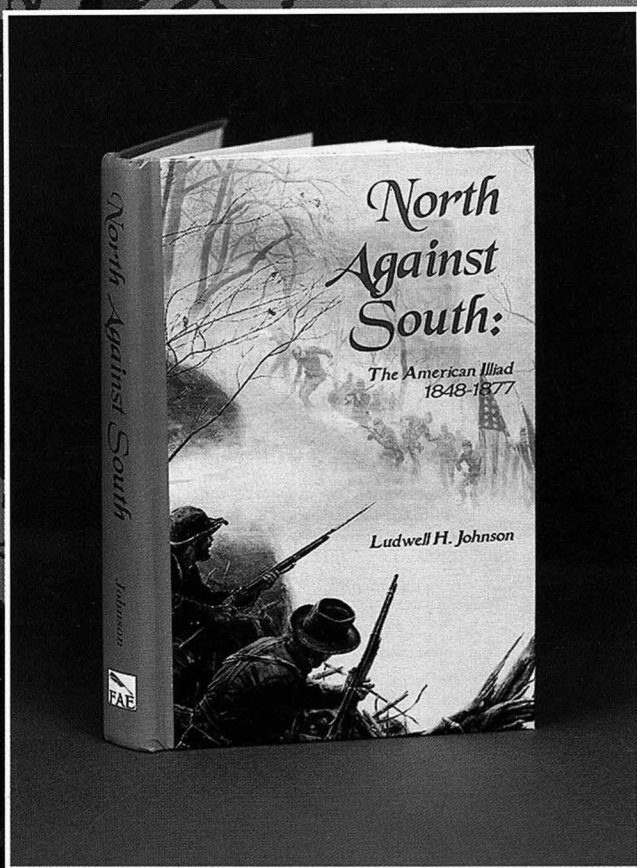
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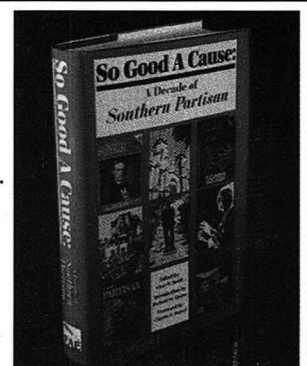
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